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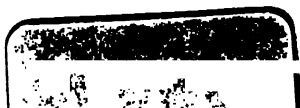
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LUCY SEYMOUR.

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“The old woman raised herself up in bed, and put on her spectacles.”—*Page 41.*





# LUCY SEYMOUR;

OR,

IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN  
TO RECEIVE.

BY

MRS. DRUMMOND,

AUTHOR OF "THE WILMOT FAMILY," "LOUISA MORETON,"  
"GLEN ISLA," ETC.



LONDON:  
JAMES NISBET AND CO.  
21, BERNERS STREET.

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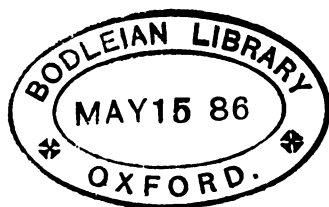
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## PREFACE.

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THIS little volume makes no pretensions either as to its composition or its object. It is not for those who "excel in strength," but for the "little ones," who need to be fed with milk. The Author's aim has been first of all, *Truth*; then simplicity in the illustration of truth. She has likewise endeavoured to express the truth vividly as well as accurately, so that it may be attractive to the minds of the young. She commends it to that God who can make a feeble instrument strong, for the promotion of His glory. The weaker the instrument, the more perfect is the manifestation of His strength in the use of it. She does not feel that her present offering in the service of Jesus is in itself a precious one, but "*she has done what she could,*" and if this shall



anoint the weakest or the humblest member of Christ's mystical body, she will rejoice that her "labour is not in vain in the Lord;" and thus, too, for her, it shall be "more blessed to give than to receive."

D. T. K. D.

MONTPELIER.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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### A FEW WORDS ADDRESSED TO THE YOUNG.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."—ACTS XX. 35.

THESE, my dear young friends, were the words of One who spake as never man spake—One whose whole life was a practical example of the precious truth contained in them. He "pleased not Himself;" He was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" He "endured the contradiction of sinners;" He spent a life of poverty, reproach, weariness, and suffering, and closed it by a painful death upon the cross, for *others*, for *us*, for *you* and *me*. He ever "went about doing good." We do not find Jesus ever thinking of *Himself*, but of those whom He came to save. We find Him, when He was very young, not more than twelve years of age, going up with His *parents* to Jerusalem. When they returned

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home, we find the child Jesus tarrying behind, unmindful of the difficulty of getting home without a parent's hand to guide Him, a parent's care to protect Him—unmindful of what hardships or privations He might have to encounter, thus left alone. He was so taken up with the desire to promote the glory of His Heavenly Father, and to do good to the souls of men, that He forgot all His own ease, and comfort, and security, and He stayed behind in the temple, reasoning with the unbelieving doctors; and when asked why He did this, when His sorrowing parents were seeking Him with so much anxiety and fear, He says, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" His errand into the world was *mercy*—His whole life was spent in showing *mercy*, and in carrying out His own blessed declaration, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Again, I dare say you all remember the beautiful story of Jesus conversing with the woman at the well of Samaria. Now, dear children, if you look to your Bible you will find that the blessed Jesus was "wearied with His journey"—He bore our infirmities, and He knew well what hunger, thirst, and weariness were—He was weary with

walking, and He sat to rest Himself. Now, I dare say you all know what it is to be overcome with fatigue, and desirous of rest ; and if any one came to you at the moment when you were thus weary and tired, and asked you to do something for them—to help them in anything they were about, or to go with them and show them the way to any place they were seeking—would you not be inclined to say, Oh, I really cannot just now ; I am so *tired*, I have had such a long walk, I am so *weary*, *I must rest* ; I will do it another time, but I cannot just now ? Oh, dear children, how different was the conduct of the ever-blessed Jesus. He had such a love for this poor woman's soul—He was so anxious to bring this lost sheep into His fold—He felt so much for her poor, miserable condition, that He forgot His weariness, and He entered into a long conversation with her, and forsook her not until He had convinced her of her sin, shown her the way of life, led her to thirst for that water, that *living* water which He was ready to give to her, and which was to be in her as “a well of water springing up unto everlasting life” (John iv. 14). Remember, dear children, that you cannot be engaged in works of *mercy* and love to others—you cannot go

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about visiting the poor and the sick—you cannot hope to do good, either to the bodies or souls of your fellow-creatures, without much sacrifice to yourselves, much giving up of your own ease and comfort, and often depriving yourselves of what you would like, to enable you to comfort and relieve others. But oh, remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, “It is more blessed to give than to receive,” and how He left us an example that we should “follow in the blessed steps of His most holy life.” If we follow Him from the time that He came as a lowly babe into this world, we find Him manifesting the same character. From the manger at Bethlehem to the cross on Calvary, His was a life of self-denial, of suffering, of sorrow, of persecution. And why did He endure all this? It was because He *loved* us—because He grieved over our fallen, lost condition—because He longed for the salvation of our souls—because He wished us to be happy for ever with Him in glory. Then let us look at the last sad scene of His painful life on earth. See Him hanging on the cross, enduring all the pains and agonies of that dreadful death; surely there we should expect to find even the blessed Jesus so taken up with His own sufferings, so

overwhelmed with the horrors of that dreadful hour, as to forget everything else. But no, my dear young friends, here again the love, and pity, and tender compassion of Him who was love itself, shines forth in all its beauty. He looks upon His beloved mother, and knowing that He is now about to return to the bosom of His Father, and to leave her a little longer to sojourn here below, He will not leave her comfortless, He turns to the disciple *whom He loved*, and He says to him, "*Behold thy mother.*" He commits her to the care of one whom He knows will respect and cherish her, and at the same time He endeavours to soothe and cheer His sorrowing disciple, by entrusting him with a work and labour of love for His sake. Then, as if anxious to fill up the aching void in His mother's breast, and to present her with an object upon which she might allow the full tide of affection to flow out, He turns to His mother and says, "*Woman, behold thy son.*" But this is not all—it is not only towards His own beloved friends and relatives that He thus manifests His unselfish, undying love; He thinks also of one who is hanging by His side; He *snatches* the dying malefactor as *a brand from the burning*; He forgets His own



sufferings in the joy of taking another soul with Him to glory ; He turns to him, in answer to the prayer of faith, and says, "*To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.*"

He thinks even of those hard-hearted men who are nailing Him to the cross ; He prays for them, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Oh, my dear young friends, if you wish to overcome that selfish principle which is ever striving for the mastery ; if you wish to be amiable, gentle, loving, seeking the happiness of others more than your own, look unto Jesus—set Him before you as your pattern and example—pray to be made like unto Him, and treasure up in your hearts those words of His, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Now, some of my young readers may say, I am sure I wish to be like Jesus. I desire not to be selfish. I wish to study the happiness of others, but I do not exactly know how I am to do it. Now, it is in order to show you that every day brings with it opportunities of exercising this gospel principle—occasions when we are called to deny ourselves, and to prefer the good and the happiness of others to our own ; it is to show you how this Christian disposition may be exer-

cised in all the daily employments, and amusements, and objects of life, that I am going to tell you a story, which may, by God's blessing, help you in this arduous task of *denying self*, of casting down this idol which by nature is more or less set up in every heart, and which the grace of God alone can enable us, even here, in a very great measure to subdue. Whilst we are in a sinful body, and in a sinful world, we cannot expect to bring any Christian grace to perfection; but if the *seed* is in our hearts—the seed of God's grace—and this seed is watered by the dew of God's blessing, we may confidently look for some fruit even here, to abound to the glory of God; and then, when the little weak plant is transplanted to a more genial climate, even to the atmosphere of heaven, then it will ripen into full perfection, and continue to bring forth blessed fruit throughout eternity.

“How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those that love the Lord  
In one another's peace delight,  
And thus fulfil His word.

“When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part;  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.

“ When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failing hide,  
And show a brother's love.

“ When love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flows ;  
And union sweet, with dear esteem,  
In every action glows.

“ Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above ;  
And he's an heir of heaven who finds  
His bosom glow with love.”

—SWAIN.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE HAPPY FAMILY.

IN a pretty little country village, situated in one of the most romantic parts of North Devon, a county remarkable for its beautiful scenery as well as for its genial climate, and in one of those lovely rural abodes with which that county abounds, is a sweet cottage, covered with myrtles, geraniums, and all kinds of beautiful flowers, which would soon be nipped by the ungenial cold of this northern atmosphere ; in this lovely cottage, which for neatness and comfort was the admiration of all who visited it, lived a very happy family of the name of Seymour. This family consisted of Mr and Mrs Seymour, three little children, and Miss Mansfield, who resided with them as governess. The eldest of the little group, Lucy, was about twelve years of age. She was of a grave, sedate cast of countenance, so much so that one would have been inclined at first to think that *a shade of care* had already passed over that


young brow, and darkened its sunny, joyous aspect ; but it needed only a call to duty—an opportunity of doing a kind action, or the power of making others happy—and in a moment the countenance of the pensive, thoughtful Lucy, brightened into joy ; her eyes beamed with animation, and she flew on the wings of the wind to execute her little errand of love. She reminded one of those beautiful lines of the poet Cowper, which some of you may remember, descriptive of true charity or love :—

“ Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,  
Her wisdom seem'd the weakness of a child ;  
She makes excuses where she might condemn,  
Reviled by those that hate her, prays for them ;  
Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast,  
The worst suggested, she believes the best !  
Not soon provoked, however stung and teased,  
And, if perhaps made angry, soon appeased ;  
She rather waives than will dispute her right,  
And injured, makes forgiveness her delight.”

Lucy was considerate, kind, and gentle to all ; her happiness was in making others happy, and in following out all the kind and thoughtful suggestions of her truly Christian parents. Mrs Seymour had early endeavoured to instil into the minds of her children the duty of living for

others, and not for themselves. She had ever brought before them the gospel precept, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" and perceiving how, even from the babe in arms to those of riper years, the natural principle of the human heart, *selfishness*, was ever striving for the mastery, and proving the bane of all domestic and social happiness, as well as the worm at the root of many a flourishing bud of promise, she began in early infancy to endeavour to check this destructive principle, and lead the little would-be tyrant of the nursery to feel that there is a battle to be fought even in the infant mind—a war to be waged even in that early school—a war of extermination of the principle of *self, self, self*, as the idol within. The struggle in overcoming this baneful principle is harder in some dispositions than others; but, thanks be to God, there is "nothing too hard for the Lord;" and those young people who feel conscious that it is with them a *very difficult* task to overcome it in themselves, let them only the more earnestly pray to God for His grace to enable them to crucify self, and to keep constantly in view the character and example of the blessed Jesus, that they may grow up in His likeness, and be daily more and more

conformed to His image. Mrs Seymour had doubtless experienced the struggle with this natural corruption. She had not been ignorant of its power and ascendancy in the heart, nor had it been by her own strength that she had brought it into subjection to the principles of the gospel ; it was therefore from her own experience that she could advise and direct her dear children aright, and they knew that in her they had not a harsh judge, but a tender and sympathising friend. But I must finish my picture of the happy family at Eden Bank, which was the name of Mr and Mrs Seymour's residence. I have already told you about Lucy, the eldest girl ; I must now give you some account of her little laughing merry sister Caroline, who was just in her ninth year. She was a sweet, engaging child, with a sunny, smiling face, an open artless brow—full of life and energy, her eyes sparkling with delight at the promise of a little fun, or any expected pleasure. She was very obedient, for her mamma never allowed her dear children for a moment to dispute her word ; she knew it was far kinder to them to bring them up in habits of obedience ; she was also very warm-hearted and affectionate, and she really liked to give pleasure, but it was



generally with this reserve, that it must not interfere with her own comfort or amusement. She was inclined to think too much of *self*, and in spite of all her judicious mother's efforts to keep under this baneful principle, and to draw out her little heart in love to others, she still saw, with the deepest pain and anxiety, its pervading influence ever starting up, and threatening to overwhelm all the finer qualities which she possessed. This showed itself in many ways, as you will see by the story; in the meantime, I must tell you that Mrs Seymour, having lost two sweet little children, younger than Caroline, she had only one little boy besides, about two years of age, whose name was Charles, and this little fellow was the plaything of the house—the delight of the parlour and the nursery—and of this little brother both Lucy and Caroline were very fond.

Within a short distance of Eden Bank lived another family of the name of Attwood, consisting only of Mrs Attwood, a widow, with one little girl about Lucy's age, but of a very different disposition; and in consequence of very injudicious management, she had become so unamiable *and so selfish*, that Mrs Seymour was very jealous



of the influence she might have over her own little girls, and she did not wish them to be much together ; but, as they were such near neighbours, she could not avoid their meeting occasionally.

Harriet had been her mother's darling—her only child—and when Mr Attwood died, she concentrated all her affection and thoughts upon this one object. Her every wish was granted, her pleasure consulted, and she could not bear to thwart her in a single thing. The consequence was, that Harriet soon forgot that there was any one else in the world but herself, or at all events she thought that everything and everybody must give way to her wishes and desires. She had never been taught the far greater happiness of giving others pleasure. She had never been told, much less could she have conceived it possible, that it could be “more blessed to give than to receive.” Mrs Attwood was continually laying out little plans for the amusement and gratification of her daughter ; and as, in the arrangement of the house, the comfort of the servants, and the convenience of others, were not so much considered as the indulgence of the wayward wishes of this darling child, it is not wonderful to see, under the fostering hand of

this too indulgent parent, the evil dispositions and tempers of the natural heart, unchecked by the principles of divine grace, ever manifesting themselves in sad contrast to the sweet Christian graces of the gentle Lucy Seymour.

I have now introduced you to some members of the happy family at Eden Bank, but not to all ; I must tell you that the dear children were blessed with a good and kind papa, who was very fond of his little ones, and who always endeavoured to follow out all the excellent rules which Mrs Seymour laid down, and to second all the prayerful efforts which she made to train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. They had also an excellent governess, who assisted their dear mamma in carrying on their studies in the school-room, and took them pleasant walks into the country ; and she endeavoured by the winning kindness of her manner to gain their confidence and affection, as well as by her firmness to command their respect. Mrs Seymour endeavoured in every way to uphold Miss Mansfield's authority, and to lead her children to look up to her with deference and affectionate confidence. She was not treated, as *I am sorry to say many thoughtlessly treat a*

governess, as if she were a different order of being from the rest of the family, and had no feelings in common with them. Mrs Seymour bore in mind the many trials and anxieties, and the many difficulties that a governess often has to contend with. What with unreasonable parents, rude servants, and badly-behaved children, their situation is often far from enviable; but Mrs Seymour always endeavoured to share the little trials of patience which might arise in the school-room with her governess, and she always led her children to look upon her as one of the family, and as *their* kind and considerate friend. Thus, instead of being allowed ever to feel herself *in the way*, the domestic circle was considered incomplete without her, and the children loved her very dearly.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE DISCOVERY.

ONE day Lucy and Caroline were taking a walk with their governess, after the morning lessons were concluded. It was a lovely summer's day, and they wandered across the fields, gathering as they went a pretty nosegay of wild flowers to present to their mamma on their return home. They were so eager in searching for all the beautiful specimens which are found in such luxuriance in all the fields and lanes in Devonshire, that they started when they found how far they had wandered, and Miss Mansfield began to consider whether they should return by the way they had come, or whether they might not find some shorter way to Eden Bank. A pretty little winding path seemed to lead very directly across to their own pretty cottage, which they could distinctly perceive peeping through the trees in which it lay embosomed.

"Oh, let us go this new way," said Caroline ;  
B

"do, if you please, Miss Mansfield, for it will lead us down this pretty lane, and perhaps we shall find some new flowers, and perhaps we may find some nice high stiles to scramble over, and that's such fun, and you will help me, won't you?"

"That I will," said Miss Mansfield.

"And so will I," said Lucy. "Oh, I am so glad we have come a new way; I wonder where it leads."

Just as she said this, their attention was arrested by the barking of a little dog, who seemed as if he had come to reconnoitre, and report to some one at home the character of the bold intruders, who had dared thus to find out the humble secluded dwelling to which he belonged. After giving a salute of warning, he retired behind the hedge, peeping out occasionally to see which way they were going, and when he found that they were actually encroaching upon his own domain, and approaching his dwelling, he ran on a few steps, then came back sniffing and snuffing, as if he would have said, Who are you? and, What do you want here? Then the little faithful guard set off in good earnest to give the alarm, and Miss Mansfield and her little pupils followed

his steps, until they saw him enter the half-open door of a very humble cottage, which had been hidden by the trees until they approached within a few steps of it. They knocked at the door, thinking they would ascertain here which was the nearest way home. Master doggy growled, but a feeble, kind voice from within exclaimed, "Come in ; I am not able to rise, but pray come in."

Upon entering the cottage, they found a poor old woman, the pattern of neatness and cleanliness, sitting up in bed, her Bible in her hand, but quite alone, with the exception of her faithful little companion Dash, who began now to think that they must be friends, and laid himself down contentedly on a mat at the door, now and then peeping out of the corner of his eye to see that all was right, and then composing himself to sleep again, quite satisfied that all was as it should be.

"We are not very sure of our way home, my good woman," said Miss Mansfield ; "and we thought, perhaps, we should find out at this cottage the nearest way to Eden Bank."

"Eden Bank ! well I know the way there, young ladies. Ah, you cannot miss it, now that you are so far ; you just follow the path across *this field*, till you come to the place where two

cross paths meet ; take the right hand path, and that will bring you into the lane which leads to your pretty dwelling. So you live at Eden Bank," said she, surveying them with more than ordinary interest.

"Have you ever been there?" said Miss Mansfield.

"Oh yes, many's the day that I have been there to wash, when the former proprietor was there. It was a sweet place, and I'm thinking that much has been done to improve it ; the folk say it is very nicely kept, and that the house is so neat and comfortable."

"It is a very sweet place," said Miss Mansfield, "and I dare say there have been a good many alterations since you were there, but it is not long since we came to it ; how long is it since you were at the house?"

"Oh, it is long since I was there ; I dare say it is ten years come next Michaelmas, for it is just that time since I caught the rheumatism in my limbs from going out to wash, and I have been getting worse and worse, until I am now scarcely ever able to get outside my door, and of late I have been confined to my bed ; I am very helpless now."

"And do you live quite alone?" said Lucy.

"Not altogether, my little lady," said she; "I have a good grandchild, about your age, who lives with me, as her poor mother is dead; but you see I must not neglect her for the sake of my own comfort; so I am obliged to part with her to attend Dame Walker's school from nine till twelve every day, and she is a fine scholar, and is a good girl in every way. I think she will soon be home, but I sent her round by the village to sell some of my eggs."

"But what do you do while she is at school?" asked Lucy; "there is no one to do anything for you."

"Indeed, miss, I can't say I am much troubled, for you see Betsy always gives me my breakfast and makes me comfortable before she goes to school; then she puts my Bible by my side, and that is a blessed companion—I am never dull when I can read my Bible. Oh, miss, it is a blessed thing to be able to read God's Word. I often think I can say with David, 'Oh, how love I Thy law; it is my meditation all the day.' It is a precious privilege, too, to have the God of the Bible with us."

"*It is, indeed,*" said Miss Mansfield; "and I



think we often find that the Lord vouchsafes a peculiar sense of His presence to those whom He sees fit to deprive of outward privileges."

"So it is, madam, truly ; and in proportion as the channels of ordinances are dried up, when the stream no longer murmurs by our side, we are led to seek the fountain-head. I am sure I have had reason to bless God for thus keeping me to a sick-bed ; many of my happiest hours have been spent here in this spot, and I have often enjoyed such a sweet sense of my Saviour's presence in my soul, that I have been almost tempted to exclaim, 'This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' My only grief is that my eyes are failing, and my Bible is but a small print, you see ; so that sometimes, when there comes a dark day, I cannot read, but I know a deal by heart, and I just repeat it to myself, and then my little Betsy can read pretty well now."

Here Lucy crept up to Miss Mansfield, and whispering, said, "Don't you think, Miss Mansfield, mamma would let me buy a nice large Bible for the poor woman ? you know she always keeps some by her, and I have got money to buy it if mamma will let me."

"Oh yes, I have no doubt your mamma will be

very glad that you should do so, my love. Will you ask her?"

"That I will, when we go home. Oh, how delightful," said she aloud, and almost jumped for joy. "I will give you a nice large Bible, my good woman, and, if my mamma will let me, I will come to-morrow, and bring it to you."

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times, my dear young lady. Take an old woman's thanks, and may the Lord bless you, and return your kindness sevenfold into your bosom. May He give you His own blessed Spirit, and may He lead you to Jesus, and that will be the best that I can wish for you."

"What is your name?" said Lucy, looking earnestly in the old woman's face; "for you know I must write your name in the Bible."

"Well, my name is Sally Downs, and I shall be right glad for you to put my name in it with your own hand, and then, whenever I open my Bible, I shall send up a prayer for God's blessing upon your dear young head."

"Now then, we must go home, my dear," said Miss Mansfield; "I am afraid your mamma will be quite anxious about us, we have been gone so long."

"Well, good-bye, good-bye, Sally!" cried the little ones.

"Good-bye for the present," said Lucy; "but I will see you again to-morrow, and bring the Bible with me;" and with these words she closed the little cottage door.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE DILEMMA.

LUCY ran skipping along with delight, thinking of the pleasure she was going to give to this poor woman. All at once, however, she became very thoughtful and silent, and seemed to pay no attention to Caroline's repeated questions about some wild flowers she had picked. "Lucy," at last cried the little chatterer, "what is your thought like? What are you looking so grave about all at once?"

"I was thinking of something which I forgot when I was speaking about the Bible, that takes off my pleasure. I fear it will take *all* my money, and then I shall not be able to do what I promised, and buy my little Carry a doll on her birthday, so I am quite in a dilemma."

"Oh, now, Lucy, that is too bad," said Caroline, the colour mantling in her cheeks; "you *promised* me a doll, and you know *mamma* always says we ought to keep our promise; and

then you promised me *first*, before ever you saw the woman."

"So I did," said Lucy, "and it is that which makes me sorry, because I want to do as I promised ; but, perhaps, I shall be able yet, for if I can sell some of my pincushions that I have been making, I shall have enough for both ; but if I can only get *one*, you will let me get the Bible, won't you ?"

Caroline said nothing, but hung down her head rather sulkily, and, I dare say, if we had peeped under her bonnet, we should have seen a few tears escaping from those little bright eyes. Miss Mansfield, very judiciously, paid no attention to this ; she knew that there must be a severe struggle in the young heart before the inherent principle of selfishness was altogether overcome, and that it *never* can be without the constant influence of divine grace in the heart. She therefore felt the importance of exercising patience and gentleness towards her, and at the same time, endeavouring to point out to her the absolute necessity of crucifying *self*, bringing it low at the foot of the cross, letting the love of Christ constrain us no longer to live *unto* ourselves, but to Him. She saw, with extreme

pleasure and thankfulness, the development of a sweet Christian spirit of self-denial and love in dear Lucy ; but she remembered that Caroline was a good deal younger, and of a keener temperament, and that perhaps her struggle with the natural corruption of the heart was greater than it had ever been with Lucy, who seemed from childhood of a particularly sweet and amiable disposition ; she therefore made much allowance for her little pupil, and bore patiently with the occasional exhibition of that selfish temper which she so much deplored.

“Caroline,” at last said Lucy ; but Caroline made no answer. “Tell me, Caroline, that you are not angry with me for disappointing you, for you know I hope I may be able to give it you after all.”

“Oh, I am sure,” said Miss Mansfield, “my Caroline will remember what her dear mainma so often tells her, that ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive.’ You know, dear Caroline, these are the words of the blessed Jesus Himself, and we should try to have somewhat of His spirit. Now, when you think, my dear little girl, of the pleasure you will be giving this poor woman, and of the comfort that her Bible will

be to her, I am sure you will gladly give up your doll."

Caroline looked up with her own bright sunny smile, the tears had been brushed away, and she had once more her own peculiarly joyous expression of countenance, well reminding one of those beautiful lines,—

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows  
Is like the dewdrop on the rose,  
When next the summer breeze comes by  
And wafts the bush, the rose is dry."

"Oh, I am quite happy now," said she, skipping along as blithe as ever; "I shall like to think of poor old Sally, and then, you know, the doll may *break*, but the Bible will last a very long time; so it is the best way for you to spend your money, dear Lucy."

"Oh, you pet," said Lucy, kissing her sister, "that's being kind and good." Just then they arrived at their own gate, and there they found Mrs Seymour, anxiously looking out for them.

"Here you are at last," said she; "I am thankful to see you safe back, for you have been gone so very long that I began to be alarmed about you."

"O mamma! I have so much to tell you,"

said Lucy; "and I have such a favour to ask you—will you grant it?"

"I must know what it is, my child, first; I must be sure it is right to grant it."

"Oh, I am sure you will think it right."

"Tell me all about it, then, and I shall judge; but first go and take off your things, for dinner is waiting, and then you can tell me all that you have been doing."

"Here, dear mamma," said Caroline, "here is a pretty nosegay for you, which I picked as I went along; they are all wild flowers; look, there are roses, and forget-me-nots, and geraniums, and a great many that I don't know."

"Oh, that is a beautiful nosegay," said Mrs Seymour; "and I hope when my little Carry pulled the flowers she thought of the goodness of God in giving us so many beautiful things to delight the eye, so many things *richly* to *enjoy*."

When the little party were all seated at the dinner table, Lucy told her mamma all about the poor woman, and Mrs Seymour promised very soon to go and see herself, "for," said she, "we must get acquainted with all the poor bodies *around us*, and it will be a nice object for us in



our walks to go and see them, and try to make them more comfortable ; and Mrs Johnstone will help us to find them out."

"Now, mamma," said Lucy, "I will tell you the favour I want you to grant me." Caroline ran up to the nursery, but Lucy stayed behind to explain what this favour was. Lucy then explained all about the Bible and her promise to Sally, and her mamma very gladly allowed her to spend her money in purchasing one of the large common Bibles which she always kept for distribution among the poor.

"I am always glad, my dear child," said she, "to assist you in any little act of kindness, and I am sure you will feel much happier in spending your money thus than in laying it out upon yourself."

"Oh yes, that I do," said Lucy ; "but there is just one thing makes me sorry ; I am not sure whether I have been quite right, for I promised, you know, to give little Caroline a new doll on her birthday, and now I fear this will take *all* my money, and I shall not be able to do what I promised, for her birthday is next month, and I shall have no more money before that time, unless I can sell some of my pincushions."

"You are quite right, dear Lucy," said Mrs Seymour; "you should always be as good as your word, and, unless Carry gives you leave, I do not see how you can be justified in disappointing her."

"Oh, but I *have* got Caroline's leave, dear mamma. She was a little sorry about it at first, but she has given up her doll in order that I may give Sally the Bible. Is not that good of her, poor child; but then, you see, if I can sell some of my pincushions"—and a smile of hope lighted up her face.

"I will take care of that," said Mrs Seymour (not giving her time to complete her sentence), "*I* will buy your pincushions. If my sweet Caroline has so conquered her little selfish heart as to acquiesce in your giving the Bible to Sally, instead of giving her the new doll, so long anticipated, I will take care that you are enabled to fulfil your promise to *her*."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, dear mamma; now I am altogether happy! I could not bear to disappoint Carry; and yet the Bible, you know, is of the greatest importance."

"Remember, dear Lucy, however, to keep this a *secret*; do not let Caroline know that you are

going to give her the doll. Let her fully exercise the duty and the privilege of giving up her pleasure for the happiness and the good of another—let her *feel* the act of self-denial imposed upon her; and when she has fully experienced that it is indeed and in truth ‘more blessed to give than to receive,’ *then*, when her birthday comes, you shall surprise her by giving her a nice new doll, according to your former promise.”

“Oh, I will keep it a grand secret,” said Lucy; “she shall know nothing about it till the day comes, and then, oh how surprised she will be. Now, dear mamma, can I get the Bible? I will run and fetch my money, and then I will write Sally’s name in it, and to-morrow perhaps you will let me take it to her.” So saying, she bounded away with a light step and a joyful heart, took out her little store, and then following Mrs Seymour to a closet where she kept a large stock of Bibles for the poor, tracts, &c., she chose a large Bible with a good clear type, and having transferred the money to her mamma’s hands, she ran away into the school-room to show it to Miss Mansfield, and to ask her how she should write the name nicely, and put a neat cover upon

it, and have it ready for the poor old body. She then retired to rest very happy, and looking forward with great pleasure to the prospect of the morrow.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE PROMISE FULFILLED.

THE next morning, as soon as she was called, Lucy jumped out of bed, and opened the shutter to see if it were a fine day, and she rejoiced to see the sun shining very brightly, and to feel that there was nothing to hinder her from taking her walk to Sally Downs. After breakfast they sat down, as usual, with their governess, to their morning studies, commencing with the reading of God's Holy Word, which always formed an important part of their daily instruction, for Miss Mansfield always told them that they could not ask for a blessing upon the rest of their employments and studies, if they did not begin the day with the Word of God and prayer. They then proceeded with the rest of their lessons, and were going on very busily, for they were very fond of their books, when a carriage drove up to the door, and before they had time to think who it could

be at that early hour, they heard Harriet Attwood's voice asking the servant, "Where's Lucy? Where's Caroline? I want them to come with me;" and without waiting for an answer she bounced into the school-room, and taking hold of Lucy's arm, cried, "Come, come, I want you both to come with me—this is my birthday, and I am going to see Wombwell's Menagerie which is now at S——, and I am going to shop too, and to buy anything I like; but make haste, I'm in a hurry."

"Miss Attwood, you forget," said Miss Mansfield, "that your young friends must ask their mamma's leave first."

"Oh, well, come with me and I will ask; I am sure Mrs Seymour cannot refuse."

In the meantime, Mrs Attwood had been shown into the drawing-room, and had been making her request for the little girls, and their mamma, to accompany them to S——.

Mrs Seymour was unwilling to refuse, as she was able to go with them; and she had just risen to desire the little girls to put on their things, when Harriet rushed in, leading captive Lucy and Caroline, but looking not at all well *pleased herself*.

"Mamma," said she, "Lucy won't go—she says she is going somewhere else; is it not provoking?"

"Why do you not wish to go, love?" said Mrs Seymour; "I am sure you would like to see the wild beasts!"

"But, mamma, I promised, you know"—

"Promised what, my dear?"

"I promised to go with the Bible to poor Sally to-day, and I cannot disappoint her."

"Very true, my child, I had quite forgotten that."

"Oh, come along with us," said Harriet, "and let the old woman wait. Dear me! are you going to give up a whole day's pleasure merely to take a Bible to an old woman? What nonsense! it will do just as well to-morrow."

"No, I will not," said Lucy, firmly; "I *promised* her."

"Well, and suppose you did, you could not tell that you would be hindered."

"I am not hindered," replied Lucy, "unless I choose to hinder myself by going with you; and then, think how disappointed poor Sally will be, for I know she will be watching for me all the morning."

"Well, I never knew anything so silly," said Harriet; "and will you really not go?"

Lucy looked at her mother, as much as to say, Do, dear mamma, help me out of the difficulty; and Mrs Seymour's kind approving smile soon convinced her that she was in the right.

"Do tell her to come," said Harriet, approaching to Mrs Seymour; "for you see it will spoil my party."

"I cannot do that," she replied; "but if Lucy thinks it will do as well, I will send nurse and Charlie to Sally Downs, and they can take the Bible."

"Oh no, dear mamma," cried Lucy, "pray let *me* go; I would not lose the pleasure of giving it to her myself, and seeing her happy face, for all the shows in the world; and then it does not look so *kind* to send it."

"True, my dear girl; I think you are quite right; it is our duty, and ought to be our *pleasure*, *always* to think of others rather than ourselves. You may ask Miss Mansfield to go with you to Sally's cottage, and we will go with Mrs Attwood. Run away, Caroline, and put on your things as quickly as possible, for we have lost a *deal* of time."



"What shall I do?" cried Caroline. "Nurse is out, and there is no one to get me ready."

"Oh, never mind, I can put on your things, my dear Carry," said Lucy; and away she ran as quick as thought, and took out Caroline's white frock and spencer, and her best bonnet. I must dress you, dear, and I will make you so neat and nice. Now, then, pop on the shoes,—now for the cap; but first I must put these troublesome curls out of your eyes; there, that will do, my little fairy. Now if nurse sees you, she will wonder who has dressed you so nicely. Now then, run—make haste, for Mrs Attwood is calling. One kiss! good-bye, dear! a happy day to you, and you must tell me all you have seen when you come back."

"Indeed, I hope she won't tell you anything," said Harriet Attwood, who had overheard Lucy's parting injunction. "I am sure if I were Caroline I would not tell you a single thing when you are so cross."

"Cross! dear Harriet; no I am sure I am not cross; it would be a great pleasure to me to go with you, but then I cannot, without breaking my word."

"Well, I'll not ask you again," said she, as,

with a sullen, discontented pout of the lip, she got into the carriage.

Lucy saw them drive off, and for a minute or two she felt a little sorrow that she could not go. She had often longed to see the lions and tigers of which she had read so much, and she was sorry, too, that Harriet thought her disobliging; but her own conscience told her that she was right, and when she had told Miss Mansfield all that had passed, she had the satisfaction of finding that she approved of her conduct, and fully concurred in the feeling she had expressed.

"You may be thankful, dear Lucy," said she, "that you have been so early trained in the school of self-denial and Christian love. It is the *best* school, for it is that in which our blessed Saviour is our preceptor and our example. You may indeed thank God who has given you such a mother; for never forget, my child, that under God, it is to her watchful, prayerful care and judicious management, that you owe even the smallest acquaintance with this great Christian duty. Your own heart would never have taught it to you, and it is so repugnant to the natural corruption of the human heart, that even when *brought to acknowledge the duty*, you could not,

without the constant influence of divine grace in your heart, ever act up to the holy, self-denying, self-sacrificing standard it enjoins."

"I pity poor Harriet Attwood," said Lucy; "she is so dreadfully selfish, and yet I hardly dare to say so, for I think what should I have been if I had been brought up as she has."

"She is much to be pitied, my love, and you must try, when you are with her, to be of some use to her. You may often let drop a little word which she may think of afterwards, and you should always remember to pray for her."

"I will try to do so," said Lucy; "but if I say anything the least serious to her, she says, 'Oh, I cannot be bothered with these things, I like fun much better.'"

All the time that this conversation was passing, Lucy and Miss Mansfield were on their way to Sally Downs. Lucy had a nice neat parcel in her hand, containing the large Bible, and Miss Mansfield carried a little basket with a few things which Mrs Seymour's thoughtfulness had suggested as likely to be useful and acceptable to the poor woman. When they reached the cottage they were accosted as usual by the sharp, shrill bark of Master Dash, but, as soon as they opened

the door, he ran to pay his respects to them, and welcomed them as friends, and then away he ran to tell his mistress. Sally soon recognised the light step and the gentle tap of her young benefactress, and desired her to enter.

"Ah, my dear young lady, you really are come. I have been watching the clock for the last two hours, and I began to think you were not coming to-day."

"We are rather later than we intended," said Lucy; "but here we are at last, and here is your Bible."

The old woman raised herself up in bed, put on her spectacles, and, after carefully untying the knot, and opening the nice clean piece of paper, she clasped her hands together and lifted up her eyes in gratitude to Him who had thus sent her His precious Word, in such a large clear type that she could read it even without her spectacles,—and then taking Lucy's hand in both of hers, "God bless you, my child," said she, "for your kindness to a poor widow—may God bless you, my dear young lady. Often and often shall I bless you in my heart, and often will my poor prayers ascend to my God and Saviour for you, when I *am feasting* upon His precious Word. I shall

never feel lonely now, since I can read this blessed book. Well, the Lord be praised, for He put it into your heart."

When Lucy saw the joy which she had given to this poor woman, she could not help thinking how much happier she felt than if she had been going to see sights with the rest of the party; and she said to herself, "Well, I am sure my dear mamma is right when she said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' for I never felt so happy before." After reading a chapter or two out of the new Bible to poor Sally, who seemed to drink in every word as a message from God to her own soul, she and Miss Mansfield rose to take their leave.

"And shall I be seeing you again soon, my dear young lady?" said Sally.

"Oh yes," replied Lucy, "I hope soon to come and bring dear mamma with me; but she told me to give you these few things which she thought you might like, and to ask you if there was anything you particularly wanted, that she might send it to you."

"Indeed, I cannot say there is, miss. I have but few wants, and many, many mercies, and I can only pray for a thankful heart, to praise the Lord for all His goodness."

"How much do you pay for your cottage, Sally?" said Miss Mansfield.

"Well, ma'am, I pay *nothing* for the house over my head; and isn't that a mercy? The minister's wife, good Mrs Johnstone, pays my rent, and then, by rearing a few fowls for the market, and disposing of the eggs, I make a little that keeps me and my grand-daughter, with the help of a little from the parish. I have never been allowed to want yet, and I put my trust in God that He will not forsake me now, when He no longer gives me strength to work."

"True," said Miss Mansfield; "David says, 'Yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' Again, 'The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want *any good thing*.' There is a promise for you."

"It is indeed, ma'am, a precious assurance; and then I often think of the 23rd Psalm, where David says, 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.' What can I want more than a *shepherd*, a faithful, loving, gentle shepherd, who is willing, as He is able, to supply my every want—better security that, ma'am, than all the friends *in the world*, though friends are often His instru-

ments for supplying our wants ; and I am sure I bless Him for giving me such kind friends as you and this dear young lady. But I need not wonder at His mercy to my poor body, when I think of what He has done for my *soul*. 'He that spared not His own Son, but gave Him up for us all, surely He will with Him also freely give us all things.'"

"True," said Miss Mansfield, "it is a blessed assurance ; but now, good-bye for to-day, Sally, and we will come very soon to see you again."

They then took their leave. As they were crossing the field adjoining the little cottage, they met a neat little girl tripping along with a school-bag full of books and work, slung over her arm. She was evidently returning from school. When she saw the ladies she dropped a pretty curtsey, and smiled as if she guessed that they must be the kind friends who had been visiting her poor grandmother.

"Are you Betsy Downs?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, miss," replied she, with a low curtsey.

"And have you just come from school?" asked Miss Mansfield. "A good girl, I hope?"

*Betsy's* countenance answered the question, *which her modesty forbade her replying to*

directly. No one could look in that little open face, and see her smiling, happy expression of confidence, contentment, and good-humour, without seeing that she was a good girl, and profiting by the advice and instruction of her good old grandmother.

"Now, Betsy, be sure to be very attentive to your poor grandmother," continued Miss Mansfield; "and if she is ill, or there is anything she wants, come over to Eden Bank, and we will see if we can give it you."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Betsy. And with another curtsey she trotted off to her cottage.



## CHAPTER V.

### A LARGE PARTY.

WHEN Lucy and Miss Mansfield reached home, they found that the carriage had just returned with the rest of the party, and that it was arranged that Mrs Seymour and the two little girls were to join Harriet Attwood's birthday party at tea that evening. Of course, Miss Mansfield was not asked, for Harriet thought governesses most *disagreeable* persons, and she wondered that Lucy seemed so fond of hers. I dare say, if the truth was known, Miss Mansfield was not sorry to remain quietly at home ; but it would have been kinder to have asked her. However, Harriet thought only of what she liked. At six o'clock they adjourned to Mrs Attwood's, where they found a large party of young people, some cousins of Harriet's, and other friends who lived about two miles off at the village of S——. Grand preparations had been made for their

entertainment by her indulgent mamma. A large table was spread with fruits, flowers, and cakes, and all sorts of good things ; while on a side-table were placed, for the admiration and envy of all the young beholders, the fine presents which Harriet had received from her different friends. There was a handsome work-box from her mamma—some beautiful books from one of her aunts—a large baby house from another ; whilst, as each friend arrived, some additional present was placed on the table, until there was scarcely room to put down anything more. Now, I dare say, some of my young readers will be thinking, Oh, how happy Harriet must have been ! —I wish I had so many pretty things ! But I can assure you that she was not happy. Perhaps if a stranger had been asked to point out the little girl for whom all this pleasure was prepared, Harriet Attwood would have been the last they would have fixed upon ; for amidst all the surrounding gaiety, and all the beautiful presents bestowed upon her, there was a look of restlessness and dissatisfaction, which could not escape the notice of any observant person. The fact was, the idol *self* was enthroned in her heart ; and whilst no higher object than

self-gratification was ever put before her, it was no wonder that she failed to find all the pleasure she had anticipated in those enjoyments prepared for her by her too indulgent parent.

"Now you are queen of the evening, my sweet child," said Mrs Attwood ; "so you must settle everything respecting the games and amusements, —only remember you must not stay out too long in the garden, for fear of some of the party catching cold."

They then adjourned to the bowling-green, where they played at blindman's buff, hide-and-go-seek, and a number of nice games, for a long time. Mrs Attwood, however, at length went to tell Harriet to come and finish her play in the house, as it was getting late.

"But I do not want to go in," said Harriet ; "I like the garden best."

"Yes, my love, perhaps you do," said her mamma ; "but Caroline Seymour and little Eliza Sharland have both got cold, and their mammas wish them to come in."

"Well, let them go," replied Harriet, pettishly ; "they may go, but that is no reason for spoiling our fun."

"But you surely would not wish to cut them

off from participating in your little pleasures, my dear," said Mrs Attwood.

Harriet paid no attention to her mamma's wishes, but went on playing, whilst she saw with perfect unconcern the two little girls called in by themselves. Now they were very sorry to leave off in the midst of their play, and as they passed by Lucy Seymour, she saw the tears in their eyes, though they were trying to hide them.

"Do not cry," whispered Lucy, stealing hold of one corner of the little frock, and wiping away the tear before anybody could see it; "pray do not cry, my dear Carry; you know it is for your good that mamma wants you to come in; and you too, Eliza, she is afraid of your getting cold. Pray, cheer up, and do not let any one see you cry, and I will come in and play with you in the drawing-room." So saying, she skipped into the house and sat down to amuse the two little girls, though all the time she longed to be enjoying the game with the rest out of doors.

"What a kind girl you are!" said little Eliza, throwing her arms around her neck.

"Oh, I am only doing as I would be done by," said Lucy; "you remember that golden rule, as it is called. Mamma always says we live too much

for ourselves, and she says we ought to give up our own wills to please others."

"I wish you would teach some other folk to do the same," said Mrs Attwood, who with Mrs Seymour had just entered the room, and overheard Lucy's remark. "I am always telling Harriet that she is so selfish ; but I cannot get the better of it—she is so headstrong, I sometimes am at a loss to know what to do with her. How have you managed to make Lucy so sweet and amiable?" said she to Mrs Seymour, "and so obedient?"

"It is not I that have made her so," replied Mrs Seymour. "I have endeavoured to train her up in the right way, and to instil real religious principles ; but the grace of God alone can root out the selfish, evil principle within, and I trust it is not in her own strength that Lucy ever tries to overcome the evil of her own heart. I have anxiously desired to train up my dear children in habits of self-denial and discipline ; but I could never have hoped to succeed without constant prayerful efforts, earnestly seeking for God's Holy Spirit to water the seed sown."

"But I have always thought that my child was *too young* for all this," said Mrs Attwood.

"I think it is impossible to begin too young to train them up in habits of obedience, and self-denial too," said Mrs Seymour. "There is my little Charlie, for instance ; even he knows already what it is to be called to resign his own little wayward will, and to give up to others that which he is particularly pleased himself. If it is only a piece of cake, or a plaything, it is well to teach them that there is a pleasure in imparting to others."

"I have no doubt you are right, my dear friend ; but then, you see, Harriet is an only child, and I am left alone with this one earthly treasure, and I know not how to cross her in anything."

"I fear she will often find it in her heart to cross *you* though," replied Mrs Seymour ; "and if you value your own peace, as well as the best interests of your child, I would advise you to endeavour to overcome in her those dispositions which you deplore."

"Well, I really must come and take a lesson of you ; I am sure you have some wonderful secret, that answers uncommonly well."

"No secret, my dear friend ; my only secret is, to begin with the first dawn of reason to

show them that they are responsible creatures. I point out to them the first leading principle of the gospel, that they are 'not their *own*, but that they are bought with a price,' and that price no less precious than the blood of Jesus, the Eternal Son of God. I endeavour to place constantly before them the example of their blessed Saviour, and I try to make them feel, that if *He* loved them so as to die for them, surely they ought to love one another."

"Well I really wish I could learn your plan," said Mrs Attwood; "for I often fear that after all the love and affection I have lavished upon my child, she will turn out anything but a comfort to me."

"It is because you love her so much, that you should deny her many things, and teach her to deny herself," replied Mrs Seymour.

At this moment they were interrupted by the whole party coming in from the garden, and the first notice of their approach was Harriet calling out, "Mamma, I want candles—why have you not got candles? how can we play in the dark?"

"A little patience, my dear, and you will have candles, but we are just going to supper."

At this moment supper was announced, and

the whole party followed Mrs Attwood into the dining-room, where, as I have told you before, there was a table spread with all sorts of nice things. Now, I wonder what my young readers would have done, had this nice supper-table been laid out for them on their birthday. I cannot help hoping that they would have been running about seeing that all their young friends were seated comfortably, and waiting upon them. But no—Harriet Attwood knew but of one person to gratify, and that was her own precious *self*; so she at once rushed to the place she liked best, and began to look about eagerly to see what she would like to eat; she was soon intent upon her own plate, which she took care should not long remain empty.

“Now for the cake,” said Mrs Attwood, “who’ll cut the cake?”

“I, of course, mamma; it’s my cake,” said Harriet.

“You cannot cut it, my dear, it is too hard for you; besides, I thought you would like to give one of your young friends the pleasure of making the first incision. Henry Montague, it lies handily for your knife; let us see how you will perform.”



"With all my heart," said Henry, "I will cut it for you, Harriet, and what's more, I must give you this elegant little figure at the top; it must belong to you, seeing that you are queen of the feast."

Harriet looked not at all pleased. It was long before she could recover her composure; and, indeed, she seemed to enjoy the evening the least of any of the party, for a very good reason, because she was only intent upon pleasing *self*; and where this is the chief object, there must be continually little crosses and trials arising, even out of our pleasure; whereas, the person whose first desire is to give *others* pleasure, can never be at a loss for opportunities of doing so, and thus in the very act of making others happy, they enjoy the highest gratification that an amiable and Christian mind can enjoy in social intercourse. The carriages were now announced to take the little party to their respective homes, and they rose from the supper-table very sorry that it was time to put on their things and go away. Whilst putting on her cloak and bonnet, Caroline was watching for an opportunity of seeing Harriet Attwood, as she had something *very particular* to say to her. At last she caught

hold of her, saying, "Harriet, you know the third of next month is *my* birthday, and mamma says, I may ask you. Will you come to my party?"

"I am not sure. What are you going to be about? Will you have many treats?"

"Oh, a great many!" said Caroline; "but the greatest of all—guess what it is."

"I can't guess," replied Harriet.

"But you *must* guess," said Caroline, jumping about clapping her hands; "I see you'll never guess. Well, I must tell you then—I am going to have all the Sunday School children to tea, and if it is fine, we shall have tea and strawberries on the lawn, and papa will read to them, and they will sing a hymn, and then I have a nice little book to give to each, and some clothes for the very, *very* poor. Will not that be delightful?"

"I cannot say I see much pleasure in all that," said Harriet.

"Oh, but you will enjoy it so much; I am sure you will."

"Not I," replied Harriet; "I shall not come. I can't bear little dirty children; they are not fit to play with."

"Not to make companions of," said Lucy, who heard what was passing ; "we do not wish that, but it is such a pleasure to see their little happy faces, poor things, and then it is so sweet to hear them sing their little hymns."

"Oh, but I would rather not come," continued Harriet ; "besides, I am sure mamma would not like it, for she never lets me go among poor people and dirty children, for she says she is afraid of my catching measles or hooping cough, or some of these horrid things."

"But we do not, for their own sakes, let any of them come that are not quite well," replied Lucy ; "and they come as clean and neat as possible."

"Oh well, but I don't want to come," said Harriet ; "I would rather be excused."

Just then Mrs Seymour called to the children to know why they were so long, as she was waiting to walk home. Whilst they were on their way to their own happy home, Mrs Seymour asked them if they had enjoyed their evening.

"Yes, dear mamma, pretty well," said Caroline.

"Only pretty well ; have you not been very happy ?"

“ Oh yes, mamma, on the whole, but ”——

“ But what, my dear ? ”

“ Harriet Attwood is so selfish and so cross, I do not like her at all.”

“ And is Harriet Attwood the only little girl that is ever selfish and cross ? ” asked Mrs Seymour. “ Do I not often hear a little girl say, when her sister takes up anything belonging to her, ‘ *that’s mine*, Lucy,’ as much as to say, you have no business to touch it ? Then, if any pleasure is in store, and all cannot partake of it, who is it that is always ready to say, ‘ *me*, mamma, let *me* go,’ instead of thinking whether some one else may not like to go ? Then again, I often hear, ‘ *but I like it*,’ or, ‘ *I don’t like it*,’ as if *I* were of more importance than any one in the world. I often tell you, dear Carry, that it is very wrong to be selfish, and that nobody likes a selfish child ; but if mamma were not always correcting it, do you not think you would be as selfish as Harriet ? ”

Caroline’s conscience whispered *yes*.

“ Now,” continued Mrs Seymour, “ you should rather *pity* your young friend, and pray that God would put His Holy Spirit into her heart, and make it full of love and kindness. Remember it


is only the grace of God which makes any of us to differ."

"I often pity her, dear mamma," said Lucy ;  
"but I cannot like her."

"*Pray* for her, my love," said Mrs Seymour ;  
and then you will soon be able to feel kindly  
towards her, though you may not enjoy her  
company as a playfellow. Then you must try  
and set her a good example. If God has taught  
you, by His Spirit, to be obedient, and kind,  
and considerate, you should pray that He will  
permit you to be the instrument of good to poor  
Harriet, for little girls are often inclined to be  
influenced very much by the example of those  
of their own age."

"I wish, dear mamma," said Lucy, "that she  
had such a dear good mamma to guide her as I  
have."

Just as she said this they reached the garden  
gate. Caroline bounded in before them, and by  
the time that Mrs Seymour and Lucy reached  
the drawing-room, she was seated on her papa's  
lap, with her arms round his neck, telling him  
all about the party, and the cake, and the  
presents, and everything she could remem-  
ber.



"But I am glad to get home," added she; "I do love *home*, dear papa."

"And long may you love home, my darling Carry," said Mr Seymour.

"And I love you, dear papa, *very, very* much; and you, Miss Mansfield," continued Caroline, as she ran to bestow her kisses upon the latter. "Have you wanted me very much?" asked she.

"Not very much, dear," said Miss Mansfield. "I always miss my little Carry, but then I have had some long letters to write, and you know that little chattering tongue will seldom let me write very well."

"Come, come," said papa, "I think I know some place where my Caroline should be just now," taking out his watch and holding it up to Caroline.

"Oh, I know," said Carry, "it is *bed*."

"Yes, you have guessed it; it is *bed*. I think it is high time for my little chick to go to roost; run away to bed, and tell me more about it to-morrow."


The two little girls then retired to rest, and Lucy whispered as she kissed her dear mamma, "I have not told you a word, dear mamma,

about poor Sally ; it was the happiest part of my day ; she was so delighted with her Bible."

"I am glad of it," replied Mrs Seymour. "Now you begin, I hope, to know something practically of the truth of what your blessed Saviour declared, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"I think I do a little, dear mamma, but I long to know more."

And so I wish every young person may be able to say when she reads this story—the more they do know, the more they will wish to know of the mind that was in Christ Jesus.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE NEW BOOK.

AMONG the pretty presents which I was telling you that Harriet Attwood received on her birthday, was a large book handsomely bound in red cloth, and full of interesting stories and beautiful illustrations. Caroline longed very much to be allowed to read this pretty book, and the next time she saw Harriet she ventured to ask her whether, when she had quite done with it, she would lend it to her.

"No," replied Harriet; "I never lend my books."

"Never lend!" cried Caroline; "why, mamma says the greatest pleasure in having pretty books and playthings, is to be able to lend them to others."

"Well, *my* mamma says I am not to lend my nice new books and things," said Harriet, glad to throw the blame upon her mamma, rather than acknowledge her own selfish and unamiable



disposition. "I never lend them till they get old and shabby, and then anybody's welcome to them."

Caroline thought it very cross, but she said no more about it. A few days afterwards Miss Attwood and the little Seymours were playing together in the drawing-room and amusing themselves with a pretty Chinese puzzle, which had been given to Caroline.

"I wish you would lend me that puzzle," said Harriet; "I should like to play with it at home, and make out the figures."

Caroline was just about to say, Oh, yes, with pleasure—for she was always accustomed to lend freely, but recollecting Harriet's refusal to lend her the book, and forgetting the Christian injunction, to "overcome evil with good," she replied, "No, I don't think I can lend it to you, for you know you will never lend *me* anything."

"What is that I hear my Carry saying?" asked Mrs Seymour; "refuse to lend!"

"Well, dear mamma, Harriet refused to lend me a book I wanted; and she says she never lends; so I am sure she does not deserve it."

"And does my Carry deserve all she gets?"

Caroline hung down her head, and was silent.

“Are we only to do good and lend to those who are kind to us, my love?” she continued; “what does the Bible tell you about that?”

Caroline thought a little, but she did not recollect anything in the Bible about lending.

“Fetch your Bible, my child, and I will show you the answer to the question.” She then turned to the 6th chapter of St Luke, and made Caroline read from the 30th verse. “Give to every man that asketh of thee, and of him that taketh away thy goods, ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. For if you love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners to receive as much again. But love ye your enemies, and do good and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be called the children of the Highest; for He is kind unto the unthankful

and to the evil.' There, my child, there is the gospel principle, *do good and lend, hoping for nothing again.*"

"Oh, I see now, dear mamma ; I will never refuse again. Here, Harriet, here is my puzzle, and you may keep it as long as you like."

Harriet looked astonished ; it seemed to her a new principle altogether, and she felt half ashamed. But she was not accustomed to consult her Bible, but her *self*, and self whispered she had a right to do what she liked with her own things.

"I am sure mamma will say that I was right," thought she, "in refusing to lend the book ; it is more easily spoiled than a puzzle."

When she returned home, Harriet, wishing to rid herself of a little uncomfortable sort of feeling and conviction that she had been very disobliging, ran to her mamma, and showing her the Chinese puzzle which Caroline had lent her, she watched her opportunity of referring to her opinion about lending her books.

"Only think, mamma, Caroline wanted me to lend her that nice new book which you gave me ; but I told her that you did not like me to lend my books and playthings whilst they were new, for that it soon made them shabby."

"True, my dear," said Mrs Attwood, "she must wait till you have done with it, and till it gets a little the worse for use, and then you can let her have the loan of it."

"Mrs Seymour showed Caroline something in the Bible about lending," said Harriet, "but it is impossible always to do just as the Bible says,—besides, I never saw that verse before."

"Oh, the Bible tells us to be kind and good to others, my dear, and I wish you to be so; but there is a medium in everything. We see that you are bound to run the risk of having a nice book spoiled."

Harriet was quite satisfied that her mamma thought she was right, and though the still small voice of conscience whispered that she was wrong, and that Caroline was right, yet she soon forgot all about it, and amused herself with the puzzle, quite unconcerned about everything but her own pleasure. Now, my dear young friends, which do you think was the happiest little girl—Harriet, amusing herself with her borrowed playthings, and hoarding up all that was given her for her own selfish gratification; or Caroline, thus early taught to take pleasure in imparting happiness to others, and in lending all that she possessed—

thus following the precepts of One who left us an example that we should follow His steps? I think I can anticipate your reply ; Oh, Caroline, I am sure you will all say. Well then, do you try to remember the principles in which she was so carefully trained ; do you endeavour to obey the precepts of the Word of God in everything; and then you are sure of being led in the right way.

You must not suppose, however, from Caroline's conduct in this instance, that she had said good-bye altogether to the idol self within. Oh, no ; I believe she often wished to do it, but her little heart was not yet taught in the school of Christ, to live for others rather than herself. Often did the "root of bitterness springing up," send forth fresh and vigorous shoots, and give sad proofs of its existence still, in a thousand little trifling things which would, perhaps, have passed unnoticed and unchecked by any but such a watchful, anxious parent as Mrs Seymour. Many would, perhaps, have said, when they saw these, Oh, it is quite natural, she will outgrow all these feelings. Not so did Mrs Seymour think or speak. She felt that if there were not a better principle than that of *nature*

implanted in the young breast, there could be no fruit unto holiness. She knew that the "old man must be cast out before the new man could be raised up." She knew that nothing but the all-constraining love of Christ could effectually dethrone the idol *self*. She therefore watched carefully and jealously over the earliest development of evil in the hearts of her children, and she thought nothing *trifling*, or unworthy of notice ; but endeavoured always to point out to them these proofs of the natural corruption of their hearts, as continually manifested in their tempers and dispositions ; and to show them that nothing but divine grace could change their sinful hearts, and make them bring forth the blessed fruits of righteousness. The Word of God was held up as the high and holy standard by which to judge of their actions, and the lovely precepts and examples contained in that Word were ever put before them for their guidance and imitation. Especially the example of the meek and lowly Jesus, who had left us so bright and gloriously *perfect* an example, that we might "follow in the blessed steps of His most holy life." She watched with all a tender mother's love, but with all a *Christian* mother's *fear*, over the ardent, impetuous, volatile spirit,

of Caroline, whose affectionate, loving disposition, and sunny unclouded temper, might have concealed from any less watchful eye than Mrs Seymour's the predominant motive, and stimulating principle within, of *self-gratification*. She regarded with inquiring love, and anxious solicitude, the sweet, gentle, unselfish disposition of Lucy. She was often led with trembling anxiety of heart to ask, Is this mere natural sweetness, or is it the fruit of divine grace, thus expanding under the genial rays of the Sun of Righteousness? Often did she sift the motive. Often did she test the principle, and thankfully did she note the many cheering proofs that Lucy's loveliness of character was the result of the Spirit's influence on her heart, and that divine grace was the seed from which these blessed fruits appeared. She saw that Lucy evidenced a constant desire to make the Word of God her rule of conduct, and the example of her Saviour the bright and lovely pattern to which she was to be conformed. Her abilities were not quite so good as Caroline's; the latter, quick as thought, and full of intelligence, found no difficulty in learning her own lessons, and she was often inclined to triumph over the more slow but

1. 2. 3.

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*"She ran bounding into the drawing-room to her mamma."*

plodding efforts of Lucy. One day, after school hours, she ran bounding into the drawing-room to her mamma, flourishing a bright silver medal round and round her little fingers. "See, mamma," said she, holding it up to her mamma's face, while she stole a kiss at the same time, "I have had the medal every day this week, but Lucy has not got it—and she did not get it yesterday."

"And is Carry *glad* that her sister has not got it too?" asked Mrs Seymour, sorrowfully. "Do you know you have robbed me of the pleasure I felt at first at the sight of the medal?"

Caroline coloured, a little conscious that she was wrong.

"It is quite natural, and quite right, to be glad when you receive a mark of approbation; but it is not right to rejoice that Lucy is less successful than yourself, and to be the first to tell of her failure. We are told to 'rejoice with them that rejoice, and to weep with them that weep,' and this precept may be obeyed in *little* things as well as in great."

Just at that moment, Lucy, not aware of what had passed, followed her sister into the drawing-room.

"Dear mamma," said she, "I have brought you Carry's copy-book to let you see how nicely she is getting on; and do you know that she has got the medal again, so she has had it now every day this week, and Miss Mansfield is quite pleased; she says it is such a pleasure to teach her."

Mrs Seymour looked at Caroline, and that look said a *great deal*. Caroline understood it, and as she contrasted Lucy's amiability with her own selfish feelings, her eyes filled with tears, while she threw her arms round her mamma's neck, and then round her sister's, her heart too full for utterance.

"Why, what is all this?" said Lucy; "what sudden cloud has come over that little bright face? I think I have most reason to cry, for this is the second day that I have missed the medal this week."

"Never mind, Lucy," replied Mrs Seymour, "it is a secret between me and Carry; but we will say no more about it. You will try to remember another time, will you not, my dear child?"

"Yes, mamma," whispered Caroline.

"Now, then, run away and take your walk whilst the day is fine."

## CHAPTER VII.

### A BIRTHDAY AT EDEN BANK.

A FEW days passed very quickly and happily at Eden Bank, when at length the joyfully anticipated birthday arrived. Caroline was nine years old on that day. Now, I dare say, my young readers, who are in the habit of thinking a great deal of birthdays, and who have perhaps, through the goodness of God, spent many happy ones in the bosom of their families, will have no objection to hear how a birthday was kept at Eden Bank ; and if it affords a gentle hint to some of them of the way in which a birthday *should* be kept, this chapter will not be without its use.

In the first place, as soon as Caroline was dressed, she ran into her papa's and mamma's room, to receive the early kiss, and the fervent wish for many happy returns of the day.

"Now then," said Mr Seymour, "where is your birthday text?"

"I have two, dear papa. The first is, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth;' and the other is, 'They that seek Me early shall find Me.'"

"Precious verses they are too, my child," said he; "I hope you will lay them to heart, and remember both the injunction and the promise. Do you know what I mean by the injunction?"

"Oh yes, dear papa, 'to remember our Creator in the days of our youth.'"

"And is there any other?"

"Yes, papa, 'to seek Him early.'"

"And where is the promise, my child?"

"'Shall find Me.'"

"Quite right, my Carry; now then let us ask God's blessing upon the day." They then knelt down with their little girl, and fervently and earnestly did they implore the blessing of their Heavenly Father upon their child. Earnestly did they supplicate that her youthful heart might be wholly given to her precious Saviour, and that the fruits of the Spirit might be early seen in her; that she might be 'planted in the house of the Lord, and flourish for ever in the courts of her God.' They then imprinted another and another warm kiss upon her fair cheek, and then

the happy party proceeded to the breakfast-table to talk over the arrangements for the day with Miss Mansfield.

"First of all, we must bring you our little birthday offerings. However," said Mrs Seymour, "the *great* treat will come by and bye, but we will begin by exhibiting our little presents."

Caroline's eyes sparkled with delight as she saw her mamma take out a nice new rosewood work-box, containing scissors, bodkin, reels of cotton, thimble, needles, &c.

"This is to encourage my little girl to be a good work-woman," said Mrs Seymour; "which I think the best of all accomplishments for a young lady, though it is rather out of fashion in these days."

"Oh, that is delightful!" said Lucy, who was happier even than if she had been the receiver. "Now you will be able to keep everything so neatly, and you will try and let mamma see how cleverly you can work, will you not?"

"Now for *my* present," said Mr Seymour; "here is the *best* gift that I can bestow on my child, the *Word of God*. Now that you are old enough to read it, and understand it, I like you to have a nice Bible of your own—take it, my

child, and may God make it as 'a lamp unto your feet, and a light unto your path;' may He enable you to say with truth, 'Thy word have I hid in mine heart that I may not sin against Thee.' Remember that this Word testifies of Jesus, and may you take Him as your pattern and example in all things."

Caroline was delighted, for her own Bible was rather the worse for constant use, and she had often wished for a new one.

"And now," said Lucy, "I am all impatience to know when I may fetch *my* birthday present."

"*Now, now,*" cried Caroline eagerly. "I wonder what it can be," whispered Caroline to her mamma; "for you know Lucy spent all her money upon the Bible."

"Guess what it is?" said Lucy, returning with her hands behind her, that Caroline might not see what she had got.

"Oh, I shall never guess. It must be something that does not cost money," said she, "for I know you spent all you had."

"Well, I suppose I must put an end to your suspense," said she, too happy to keep the secret any longer; and she drew from a paper a beautiful waxen doll, with blue eyes and flaxen locks,

and wax arms and feet, and eyes that opened and shut. Caroline jumped about for joy.

"Oh, how good of you, dear Lucy! and such a surprise! Well, I never thought of getting the doll after you had bought the Bible, but I was not sorry, for I knew how happy it had made poor Sally; but now to have the doll after all, that is delightful—such a beautiful doll too, and such neat clothes! Who made the clothes?"

"I did," said Lucy, "all after you were gone to bed at night. But I had a hard matter to hide them from you, you little inquisitive monkey, I was always afraid you would find out; and one day you peeped into my drawer, and you said, 'What's this, Lucy? what a curious thing!' and this was nothing less than Miss Dolly's little stockings. At last I got dear mamma to take care of my doll's clothes."

"I must call nurse," said Caroline; "I must show her my pretty presents." Whilst they were examining the work-box and its contents, Master Charlie, who did not understand what was going on, but thought that he certainly must come in for a share of the fun, tottled away to the chair on which Miss Dolly was quietly



reposing, and rudely catching hold of her by the hair, called out, "Pretty dolly ; mamma, Charlie like dolly." Caroline uttered a shriek of despair as she saw her pretty wax doll in the ruthless grasp of the little destroyer, and she snatched it out of his hand so roughly that the poor little fellow was quite frightened and began to cry.

"O Caroline, you should not be so rough, my dear," said Miss Mansfield ; "I do not wonder that you were alarmed for the safety of your doll, but you should be more gentle, and never snatch anything away so hastily."

"Oh, it is not hurt," said Lucy, arranging one or two curls that had been unceremoniously displaced ; "but you should put it out of Charlie's reach, for you know he thinks everything belongs to him. He will soon learn a different lesson, though ; will you not, my little darling ?" said Lucy, kissing him, and giving him something which he could not hurt, to play with instead.

But we must proceed, for the time passes quickly away, and, I daresay, if the truth were known, the little happy village children were by this time counting the hours and the minutes till the time came for them to go up to Eden Bank. The children, and their mamma, and Miss Mans-

field, found plenty to do in laying out tables and preparing seats for sixty children. Lucy and Caroline made themselves very useful, and ran about highly delighted with the prospect of the happy evening that these little ones would have. John, the gardener, was despatched to the village to fetch the buns which had been ordered at the baker's. Susan, the cook, was busy preparing a large plain cake. The dairy-maid was coaxing the cows to give an extra supply of milk for the occasion ; and nurse and Charlie were sent to rob the strawberry bed, which, I assure you, was pretty well cleared.

"But what shall we do for cups and saucers, mamma?" cried Caroline ; "we never recollected that they must have something to drink out of."

"Ah, but you see mamma's forethought went a little farther than yours, Carry," said Mrs Seymour ; "I desired each to bring their own cup or mug, so there will be no difficulty."

"And may *we* wait upon them, dear mamma? Do let us, it be will such nice fun," said she, clapping her hands with delight ; "we will just make-believe servants, and, Lucy, you shall take one side of the table and I will take the other, and mamma and Miss Mansfield will pour out the tea."

"And what is papa going to do? Papa, we must enlist you in the service," said Lucy.

"Oh," said Mr Seymour; "I am very busy preparing my magic lantern in the barn, and as soon as you have had tea you can come there, and we will amuse them with that, until it is time to give them their little prizes."

"And now all's ready, is it six o'clock yet, nurse? Oh, when will it be six o'clock?"

"Oh, soon enough, dear," said nurse.

By and bye they heard the clock warn, as you know clocks generally do before striking.

"There it is, there it is; count, Lucy, count—one, two, three, four, five, *six*—there is *six* at last; now come away and let us see if we can see any of them coming."

No sooner did they reach the nursery window, than they could spy a number of little girls and boys hastening across the fields, while some had already arrived and were peeping through the hedge into the garden, not liking to come in until they had all arrived. "Now let us run and meet them," said Caroline, and away the two little girls ran to meet the happy group and conduct them to their places.

After they were all seated at table, and papa

and mamma and Miss Mansfield had joined them, Mr Seymour called upon them all to stand up, and, after asking a blessing upon their repast, and upon their meeting together that night, he told them to sing the 100th Psalm ; and sweetly did their little infant voices mingle in the song of praise and thanksgiving to the bounteous Giver of all good. They then all partook of a nice supper, and plenty of strawberries and cake, and then Lucy, with her usual thoughtfulness, proposed that each of those who had a little brother or sister at home should take a piece of cake home with them, "because, you know," said she, "it must be so tantalising to them not to get any of it."

"Quite right, my kind little girl," said Mrs Seymour ; "you shall have some pieces cut all ready for them to take away." After supper, they sung that pretty verse, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and then they adjourned to the barn, and saw a great many instructive things by the aid of the magic lantern. Mr Seymour then called for the prizes, and placing Lucy on the one hand, and Caroline on the other, by his side, he called the name of each, while they presented them. Some had a

nice book—others neat little cards with a pretty picture and a little hymn upon each, and all the girls received a new white tippet and apron, that they might be all alike neat and clean when they went to school ; and the boys had each of them a new pinafore, or smock frock, as they are called in England. After a great many names had been called, and among them little Betsy Downs, a little girl who lived near old Sally's cottage stepped forward and said, " If you please, ma'am, Betsy's grandmother is very ill, and the doctor says she's dying, and Betsy can't leave her."

This was sad news to poor Lucy, who had been so much interested in poor old Sally, and it banished the smile from her face all the rest of the evening.

" Do you think," she whispered to her mamma, " that you will allow me to go and see her once more, dear mamma?" and here her voice faltered, and the tear stood in her eye.

" Certainly I will, my love," replied Mrs Seymour ; " I will go with you myself to-morrow morning, if poor Sally is still alive ; but now we are going to read a chapter in the Bible before we separate."

Mr Seymour then read a chapter, and explained

it in his own peculiarly simple and interesting way to the children, and, after a parting prayer, they sang another hymn, which, as it rose from a multitude of little voices gathered together in that rude building, made the unceiled rafters ring with the song of praise and thanksgiving, and then all went home full of the happy evening they had spent, and with the nice prizes they had to show their parents.

And now, my dear young friends, I must ask you one question, Which do you think was the happiest birthday, Harriet Attwood's or Caroline Seymour's? I think I hear you readily answer, Oh, Caroline's, I am sure, was the happiest. And can you tell me why? I hope some of you, by the time you get thus far in this little book, will be at no loss to discover the cause of the striking difference manifested in the experience of the one party and the other. Caroline Seymour's birthday party was arranged with a view to the gratification and amusement of *others*. Her pleasure was made to consist in seeing others happy, and therefore her cup of pleasure was quite full, when she saw so many little happy faces, and felt that she was imparting so much pleasure to these little ones. Harriet Attwood,

on the contrary, was intent upon the gratification of *self*, and took no pleasure in the happiness of others, excepting as their amusement and delight was closely and inseparably connected with her own, and ministered to it. And the restless desire of self-gratification must always end in discontent and unhappiness.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE HAPPY DEATHBED.

THE next morning Lucy prevailed on her mamma to accompany her to poor Sally's, in the hope of seeing her once more. When they arrived at the little cottage all was very still, and they almost feared that she was gone ; but on tapping at the door, little Betsy opened it very softly, and invited them in.

“Grandmother is very weak, ma'am ; she is scarcely able to speak, and the doctor says she cannot last many hours.”

Here the poor little girl burst into a flood of tears. Mrs Seymour soon perceived that Sally was fast sinking to rest, but she knew that all was well with her ; she was falling asleep in Jesus—“happy sleep ! from which none ever wakes to weep.” Her countenance was calm and placid, and faithfully portrayed a soul resting in Jesus, and calmly waiting the moment when he would come and receive it unto himself. She



seemed so absorbed in communion with her Saviour, that she did not observe the entrance of Mrs Seymour and Lucy, until the latter took hold of her hand gently, as it lay folded in the attitude of prayer upon her bosom, and whispered, "Sally, do you know me?" The poor old woman opened her eyes and smiled upon her little friend.

"I am glad to see you once more, dear child, for I am very near home now; I shall soon be with Jesus. I often told you He would never forsake me, and now He is very near to me—very precious."

"And you are quite happy?" asked Mrs Seymour; "can you enter the dark valley without fear?"

"Why should I fear?" said she, a transient brightness kindling in her eye; "no, I can truly say, 'though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.' That's it, ma'am—*THOU art with me!* I am leaning on the arm of my beloved, why should I fear? There is no place dark where Jesus is—oh no, it's all light, all light beyond. There is but one thing troubles me for a moment, *and that is my Betsy*,—an orphan—alone, friend-

less ; yet, oh no, she *is not friendless*—she has a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”

“She shall not want an earthly friend either,” said Mrs Seymour. “Keep your mind easy about her ; we will take her home to our house, and she shall make herself useful, and if she is a good girl, she shall never want a friend.”

“God be praised ! Oh, how kind—the blessing of the Lord be upon you ! Now, then, what wait I for ? I am quite ready ; Oh, come, Lord Jesus, come quick.....ly.”

The last words died on her lips—she sunk back on her pillow—she had passed away—her “spirit had returned to God who gave it.” She was now, where she had longed to be, “*with the Lord.*” Poor Betsy, who had returned to the room just as her grandmother was departing sat sobbing by the bedside—she could scarcely believe that all was over. Lucy was much affected ; it was a solemn scene for one so young to be called to witness, and her mamma, fearing that it was almost too much for her tender sensitive heart, drew her gently out of the room and closed the door. Poor little Betsy followed them, crying bitterly at the thought that her kind grandmother, her only earthly friend, was

gone, and she a poor helpless orphan, cast upon the wide world. When told of the promise that Mrs Seymour had made to her poor grandmother, Betsy's heart was too full for utterance, but she almost smiled in the midst of her grief, and as she and Lucy departed from the cottage she sobbed out, "I thank you very much, ma'am, and I trust I shall do everything to please you." A few days afterwards Betsy was fairly installed in the house, and Lucy undertook to teach her, and to hear her read her Bible every day.

"Oh, it will be such a pleasure, dear mamma," said she, "to make this poor little girl happy ; I am so glad you thought of taking her."

One day soon after this, as they were at dinner, the servant told Mrs Seymour that Mrs Attwood's maid wanted to see Miss Lucy.

"Let her come in," said Mrs Seymour.

"Oh, I hope it is not another party," said Caroline ; "I don't like going there."

Just then Mrs Attwood's maid, Agnes, came in, and, after apologising for interrupting them, she said, "I thought you would excuse my coming in, ma'am, to say that my mistress has been very unwell for some days, and she is very low ; and as Miss Attwood is going out to a

party to-night, I thought perhaps you would let Miss Lucy just drop in and sit a little with my mistress, as it would cheer her up."

"By all means, Agnes," replied Mrs Seymour; "but perhaps I had better go myself."

"I think not, if you'll excuse my saying so, ma'am, for she would then think that I had asked you, and she might not be pleased; but perhaps Miss Lucy could run in, as if by accident."

"Quite right, Agnes, you are very right. Lucy shall come as soon as she has had her dinner; she can call in just in the course of her walk."

"How comes Harriet to leave her," said Lucy, "when she is not well?"

"You may well ask that," said Agnes; "but Miss Harriet is not like you; she is a sad, selfish, wilful young lady, and she has led us all such a life for these two days, because her mamma wanted her to put off going, that my mistress at last ordered the carriage and told her to go."

"Oh well, I am sure I will gladly come," said Lucy.

"Do, my dear," said Mrs Seymour; "nurse and Charlie will go with you as far as the gate,

and you can offer to stay and make tea for Mrs Attwood, and read to her, and amuse her.

Lucy set off, quite happy to make herself useful. When they reached Mrs Attwood's the carriage was at the door, and she met Harriet just coming down stairs, very smartly dressed, as if for a large party.

"O Lucy! is it you?" said she; "but I can't stay, I am in a great hurry, I am going to a large party at Mrs Robinson's, and we are to have a dance and supper, and I don't know what—but, perhaps, you will go up and see mamma, for she is very ill.

"Very ill!" said Lucy; "and you going out to a party to leave her."

"Well, but you see I cannot help it, I have been long engaged there, and it's no use for me to sit moping in mamma's room, it is horridly dull. But good-bye, I cannot stay talking." Lucy waited while Agnes went to tell her mistress that she was there.

"Yes, let her come up," said Mrs Attwood; "I am always glad to see that dear good child; I wish my Harriet were like her," she added, as Agnes closed the door.

Lucy went very softly into the room, and

after telling her how sorry they were to hear she was so poorly, and that, if she liked, she would stay and read to her, and help to pass the time till Harriet returned, she sat down prepared to do whatever Mrs Attwood liked.

"You are very good, my child," said Mrs Attwood, "but I do not like to keep you a prisoner with me all this lovely evening. It is very kind of you, and you have very cleverly found out just the moment when I was most in want of a companion; but I will not let you stay long, it is so dull for you."

"Oh, it is not dull at all," said Lucy. "Perhaps you would like me to read something to you."

"That I should, dear," said she; "I am just reading an article in this magazine, but it will be all Greek to you, you will not understand it; I must find something more entertaining."

"Oh, I will read whatever you wish to hear," replied Lucy.

So saying she took up the pamphlet, and began reading what to her was certainly a very dry and stupid article; but as her object was to amuse and please the invalid, and not herself, she read it with great pleasure, and took great pains to read it well.

"It is delightful to listen to you, Lucy, you read so nicely," said Mrs Attwood. "If I ask Harriet to read, she gabbles away at such a rate, and reads so badly that it quite worries me. How I wish she were like you, Lucy; I would give the world to see her like you."

Lucy coloured up, for she did not much like to be praised; she felt how much sin there was in her heart, and she thought, if others could see into the depths of that sinful and corrupt heart, they would not think so well of her as they did. Mrs Attwood continued:—

"I wish you could make her as unselfish as you are, what a comfort she might be to me; but instead of that, she is so troublesome and self-willed I cannot manage her. What does your mamma do to you to make you so good and amiable?"

Lucy blushed, but could not answer.

"Ah, well, I won't praise you any more, for I see you do not like it, but only think of that selfish naughty girl. I could not keep her at home to-day; I asked her to stay, but she cried and sulked, and at last, for peace-sake, I was obliged to let her go. But I dare say it is a good deal my own fault. You have a dear mamma, Lucy."

Lucy was no longer silent, a chord had been touched to which every feeling of her young heart vibrated, and she replied heartily, "*That I have*, ma'am—I do love my mamma so dearly—she is so kind and gentle, and she always shows us what is right from the Bible, and then she helps us to get the better of all that is wrong in our hearts."

"She is indeed an excellent creature," said Mrs Attwood; "and I do not wonder that you love her."

"Mamma said she would come and see you herself to-morrow," said Lucy

"I shall be truly glad to see her, my dear; tell her so, with my love."

Tea was then brought in, and Lucy made tea, and enjoyed her evening very much, as she saw that she was giving pleasure to one who was not well enough to amuse herself. About nine o'clock her papa called at the door for her, and she went away promising to return very soon.



## CHAPTER IX.

### THE UNWELCOME VISITOR.

THE next day Mrs Seymour went to visit her sick friend, and Mrs Attwood told her that she was advised by her medical attendant to try change of air, and as she had a sister living in the north of England, she had some thoughts of going to see her for a short time.

“The only difficulty is in taking my girl,” said she ; “for my sister has a large family, and I do not like to put her to inconvenience ; and then, between ourselves, I am rather afraid how Harriet might get on with her cousins, and I should be sorry for them to see what a sad girl she is ; she would be a bad example to so many little ones, for you see she does not mind one word I say to her.”

Alas ! how often do parents forget that in over-indulging and spoiling their children, they are guilty themselves of the greatest possible selfishness, and that they may justly attribute to their

own want of firmness and proper management those faults which they are inclined afterwards to exaggerate, and bewail when it is too late.

"That is very sad," replied Mrs Seymour; "but, under these circumstances, I do not think it would be judicious in you to take her with you."

"No, I do not think I can," said Mrs Attwood; "and therefore I must stay at home till she is older and wiser."

"But I think *we* could manage to take charge of Harriet for you during your absence," continued Mrs Seymour.

"My dear friend, how can you propose such a thing; after all my complaints of her, do you think I would burden you with her? and then, I am sure, you would not like her to be with your children; she would be a bad example to them, I know."

"I should not like it if they were to be much alone together," said Mrs Seymour, "without some watchful superintendence; but they are always either with me or Miss Mansfield, therefore I do not think she would at all injure my dear girls, and I feel that it may be useful for her to be with other young people, and I think

that Lucy's example might be really a blessing to her."

"I assure you, if there is a thing in the world that I could desire above others for her," said Mrs Attwood, "it is that she should be under your influence, and with such a sweet companion as Lucy ; but I fear you will repent it."

"I am not afraid of that," replied Mrs Seymour ; "we never repent what is done for our Master's sake, even where we cannot see any good result ; but if, on the contrary, He should bless our feeble efforts, and that she should eventually turn out a comfort to you, I am sure we shall rejoice at the circumstances which threw us together."

When Mrs Seymour returned home, she told the children what she had done, and that Harriet Attwood was coming to them the next week, when her mamma went away.

"Oh, dreadful, mamma!" said Caroline ; "I am sorry ; she is so disagreeable and so cross!" Even Lucy could not conceal her dismay, "What shall we do, dear mamma? she will spoil our nice happy party, and she will never be pleased with anything."

"Well, my dear children, I do not wonder

that you do not like the thoughts of it, for Harriet is often very cross and disobliging; but you must remember what I have told you about the painful necessity that often arises for sacrificing our own wishes and feelings, and that when we find an opportunity of being really useful and kind to others, we must not wait to think whether we like it—but what is right. Now, I hope that Harriet's visit to us will be a great blessing to her; we must try and make her as happy as we can, but we must see if we cannot teach her to seek her happiness in better things. I am sure you will both try and set her a good example in everything."

"I will indeed, dear mamma," said Lucy, "and if she should be the better for being with us, and if she is more dutiful and attentive to her mamma when she returns, I am sure we shall be glad that she came."

"It is just one of those openings of Providence which are often overruled for good," said Mrs Seymour; "if we undertake it in the right spirit, from love to Jesus, we know that not even 'a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple shall lose its reward.' You must be prepared to receive Harriet quite pleasantly, and try to over-

come your feelings of regret with regard to her coming."

The little girls had a hard struggle, and Caroline could not altogether act up to the spirit of her mamma's instructions; she began counting the days, and every now and then in the midst of her play, she broke out with some exclamation of, "Only two days now, Lucy, and *then*."

"Then what, Carry?"

"Oh, you know, something I am very sorry for."

"But you must not be sorry, Carry; you must try and make it a pleasure," said Lucy.

"A *pleasure* indeed! I am sure I can't make it a pleasure," replied Caroline; "I will try and be kind, because mamma wishes it, but I am sure I do hate the thought of it."

"Now, Caroline, that is not right; we ought to like it, if it is only to please dear mamma; but then recollect, it is in the hope of teaching Harriet to be a better girl that mamma takes her, and we ought to be glad to help her in this; and then you see Mrs Attwood could not get away, unless Harriet came to us, and she is so poorly, that mamma says she ought to go."

"Well, I shan't play with her," said Caroline.

"I am sure you will play with her, Carry," replied Lucy, "and you must not talk so, for you will vex mamma very much."

At last the dreaded day came, and Harriet came over with all her books and playthings, and everything she thought she would like to have with her, to Eden Bank. Mr and Mrs Seymour received her very kindly, and so did Miss Mansfield and Lucy. Poor Caroline, however, could not bring herself to do more than to shake hands with her, and then she kept at a respectful distance, eyeing her very suspiciously, and thinking all the time of the sad interruption that it would be to all their happiness to have so cross and unpleasant a companion always with them.

Shortly after her arrival, Mrs Seymour took her into the little room which had been appropriated to her use, and a pretty room it was ; so cheerful, and so neatly furnished, with a pretty French bedstead, and a nice little wardrobe, and a dressing-table with a neat white dimity cover, and a pretty set of book-shelves, and everything that could make her comfortable ; and then the window looked out upon such a pretty garden, whilst the roses and honeysuckles hung in festoons round the window, and shed a delicious

fragrance through the room. Mrs Seymour had, with her usual kindness, tried to make everything look as pleasant and inviting as possible, for she did not wish that Harriet should miss any of the comforts to which she had been accustomed at home. She had never brought up her own children to consider anything more as necessary to their comfort than neatness and cleanliness. She wished, however, to win Harriet by every little act of kindness and affection, and as she had been used to so many comforts and luxuries at home, she thought it wiser to soften down the restraints which would be imposed upon her, in order to a due observance of the rules and regulations of the house, by many outward comforts and innocent pleasures.

"Now, my dear Harriet," said she, "this is to be your own little domain for the time you are with us. It is to be called Miss Attwood's room, instead of the '*green* room,' as Caroline calls it on account of the green curtains."

"Oh, what a dear little room!" said Harriet, agreeably surprised to find everything so pleasant and cheerful. "It is much smaller than my room at home, but I like a small room, it is so snug. And what a beautiful view!" she con

tinued, as she drew nearer the window ; " I think this will be my favourite seat," at the same time throwing herself into a chair which stood close to the window. " How delightful to dress with all these lovely roses and honeysuckles peeping in at the window, and smelling so sweet ! I really think I shall never be dressed in time, I shall be so taken up with all these beautiful things."

" I am glad you are so pleased with your room, my love," said Mrs Seymour ; " and I hope you will be pleased with everything else too, for it will be your own fault if you are not very happy. Now, I will help you to put away all your things in the drawers, and arrange everything neatly ; and then I must pay a daily visit to your room to see that everything is put in its proper place, and that it is neat and tidy."

Harriet began to look rather demure, and she assured Mrs Seymour that she could not possibly do what she required.

" I have never been used to look after my own things," said Harriet ; " Agnes always did that for me at home, for I could not bear the trouble of it, and mamma never told me to do anything of the kind."



"Well, my love, when you are at home you will do, of course, as your mamma wishes, but while you are here, you must endeavour to conform to the rules which I have found it desirable to lay down. You will find these rules in that paper pinned up over your mantel-piece; you can read them over by and by, and you must try to be very attentive to them. Your young friends, Lucy and Caroline, do everything for themselves, and if you look into their drawers, you will find everything is in such good order, that they know where to find all they want in a minute. Is not that a comfort, instead of having to waste many a half-hour, as I have seen little girls do sometimes, before they could find the thing they wanted?"

"Oh yes," said Harriet, "it is very pleasant; but I think it is better to have it done for us, and Agnes always did this for me."

"And now you must do it for *yourself*," said Mrs Seymour, firmly. Mrs Seymour then left Harriet alone for a little while, and she began to look about her, and to turn in her mind all the difficulties of her new situation. She thought it must be very difficult to please Mrs Seymour, she seemed so particular, and yet there was some-

thing she thought very kind and pleasant about her. Just then, her eye was attracted by a neatly-written paper over the mantel-piece.

"Oh, these are the odious *rules*, I suppose," said Harriet; and she began reading them half-aloud, and making her comments upon them in a very saucy way.

1st, PUT EVERYTHING IN ITS RIGHT PLACE.

"That, I am sure, I cannot do," said she.

2d, DRAWERS TO BE KEPT IN PERFECT ORDER.

"They must just do that *for* me, then," she continued, "for I am sure I can never keep them in such order."

3d, FOLD UP EVERYTHING NEATLY, AS YOU TAKE IT OFF. "What nonsense!" she exclaimed; "it is surely the servant's business to do that."

4th, GET UP THE INSTANT YOU ARE CALLED.

Here Harriet began to yawn, for she recollected that the Seymours had often told her that they got up at six o'clock in summer; whereas Harriet had never been called before eight o'clock, and even then she chose sometimes to remain in bed for an hour after Agnes called her, though she knew that her mamma would be expecting her to breakfast.

5th, NEVER RING THE BELL WHEN THE SER-

VANTS ARE AT THEIR MEALS. "Pretty spoiled servants they must be here," said she. "I am sure mamma never cared how often I rang the bell. Oh dear!" and she sighed very deeply, "I shall never be able to attend to all these rules; I wish I had never come."

Just as she was pondering over her hard fate, and looking very sullen and discontented, Lucy opened the door, and going gently up to her, and putting her arm round her waist, she looked inquiringly at her, and then said, "What is the matter, Harriet? you are looking so grave; we want you to come and play with us in the school-room."

Harriet said she did not want to play, and she sat down and began to cry. "Do tell me what is the matter, Harriet?"

"I am sure I shall never be happy here," said she; "I am sure I cannot do all that Mrs Seymour says I must; such a long list of rules, and not one of them can I observe properly, for I have never been used to think of these things."

"You must not say that," replied Lucy; "we will help you to keep them; I will remind you of them myself every day, and I will not let you forget them. Oh, you must be happy," she con-

tinued, "as happy as we are, and that is very very happy."

"I wish mamma had not left me behind," sobbed Harriet.

"Come, come, Harriet, it is very wrong to determine not to be happy. I am sure dear mamma and every one else will try to please you, and you will find her so kind, and Miss Mansfield too."

Lucy saw it was of no use to say any more, as Harriet was determined to think herself very miserable, and she thought it better to leave her. The kind-hearted Lucy, however, regretted very much that her young companion seemed so little inclined to enjoy her visit to them, and she told her mamma she feared that Harriet would not be at all contented with them, and she wished she could think of anything that would please her, and reconcile her to her new home.

"The best way, my love, with a disposition like Harriet's, is to take no pains to please her. She has been too much indulged, and she is far more likely to be satisfied and contented if we leave her quite alone, and let her come round without any solicitations and coaxings on our part. She will soon find it is of no use to rebel here, and I

hope she will see the folly of making a hardship of those things which are only intended for her good. I have no doubt she will soon find that it is a far wiser and happier thing to be obedient and tractable. You must expect, however, dear Lucy, that it will be at least some days, perhaps weeks, before she is quite reconciled to her novel situation ; but we must do our duty, and leave the event to Him who can alone overrule everything for His own glory, and who can by His grace make her all that we should like to see her."

The first two or three days after Harriet's arrival passed off very quietly, with now and then a struggle with the wayward temper of the little visitor. She soon, however, became more reconciled to her new abode. She could not help acknowledging that Mrs Seymour was really very kind, and that she seemed to have such an earnest desire to do her good, and to lead her in the right way, that her heart was already beginning to soften a little, and the desire was sometimes excited in her mind that she were as amiable and good as dear Lucy.

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## CHAPTER X.

### DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME.

THE serious grievance at first with Harriet was the necessity for sitting down regularly every day to her lessons. She had never been taught the duty of improving her mind, and using her talents for the glory of Him who bestowed them. One morning, when summoned to the school-room, she said she could not go, she had a bad headache, and she could not be bothered with lessons.

"But, dear Harriet, what will Miss Mansfield say?" asked Lucy; "she sent me to call you."

"But I do not know my lessons," she replied; "and what's more, I do not mean to learn them."

"Oh, come, Harriet," said Lucy, "and try to say them, and if you are not well, I am sure Miss Mansfield will excuse you; but she will not be pleased if I take such a message."

"I do not care whether she is pleased or not," said Harriet, rudely; "she is only a *governess*. I don't like governesses," she continued, "they are always cross."

"I am sure Miss Mansfield is not cross; she is as kind and gentle as dear mamma, and she never gives us more than she thinks we can do, though she says we sometimes are not aware how much we are able to do until we try. Oh come away, dear Harriet, and do not vex mamma." So saying, Lucy drew her into the school-room, but she had such a sullen, discontented countenance, that Miss Mansfield told her she could not commence her lessons until she had a pleasanter face, for that she wished her pupils to look upon their studies as a pleasure, and she never could consent to teach any one who considered it a drudgery instead of a privilege to learn.

Harriet sat for some time idle, and Mrs Seymour came in and found her sitting at the table doing nothing, and looking very sulky and ill-tempered.

"My dear Harriet," said Mrs Seymour, "what is the matter? yours is the only grave face in the room, and you do look so miserable that I

should quite pity you, if I did not know that your troubles are of your own creating."

Upon learning the cause of Harriet's trouble, Mrs Seymour took her gently by the hand, and leading her into her own room, she spoke very seriously to her, and tried to convince her how wrong she was in acting in this manner.

"Remember, my dear Harriet," said she, "that God has given you talents to improve to His glory. He has endued you with reason. He has bestowed upon you very good abilities, and He has declared in His holy Word, that 'to whom much is given, of them will much be required.' Do you remember the parable of the talents, Harriet?" Harriet made no reply, and Mrs Seymour opened her Bible and read to her that interesting and solemn parable contained in the 25th of Matthew, and then resuming the conversation, she said, "Now, you see, my dear girl, that whether you have ten talents, or whether you have only *one*, you are bound to improve what God has given you. He has said, 'Occupy till I come,' and you must bear in mind that we are not sent into the world to do nothing but to please ourselves, and to squander away a lifetime in vain and frivolous pursuits, which can neither



profit ourselves nor others. We are responsible beings ; we should live for eternity, remembering that our time, our health, our youth, our abilities, our means, are all talents committed to our care, for which we shall have to render an account. Do you understand me, Harriet?" she continued.

"Yes," replied Harriet, "I understand what you mean, but I find it so difficult to learn my lessons, and I do not think I can like them."

"You may not *like* them," replied Mrs Seymour, "but I want you, at all events, to see that it is your duty to apply yourself diligently to them, and if you determine to give your mind to them, simply because you feel it to be your duty, and if you pray to God to help you to perform this, and every other duty which you may find difficult and trying, I am not much afraid but that you will ere long begin to find your lessons pleasant to you, and you will be much happier than in sitting down crying and sulking over them. Do you not believe me?"

"Oh yes," said Harriet, "I do believe you, Mrs Seymour, and I will try, if you will let me go down again to the school-room."

"You shall, my dear child, but I think we had

better, first of all, pray to God to strengthen your good resolution, for without His aid I fear all your determinations of improvement would be transient 'as the morning cloud, or the early dew.'"

After a few minutes spent in earnest prayer to the God of all grace, for the assistance of His own blessed Spirit, to enable her to fulfil her duties with a simple desire to glorify Him, and to live to Him who died to save her from her sins, Harriet rose from her knees with very softened feelings, and putting her arms round Mrs Seymour's neck, she said, "I will try, indeed I will, to do everything you wish."

"Try to please God, my child," said Mrs Seymour, "and then you will be sure to please me ; and now I think we will go back to the school-room, and see if you cannot make up for lost time."

Mrs Seymour then returned with her, and telling Miss Mansfield that she had brought her a good little girl who was very anxious to show that she could be very diligent and attentive, Miss Mansfield cheerfully resumed the lessons, and Harriet was as good as her word ; she got through very cleverly, and when told it was time to prepare for their morning walk, she was quite

surprised to find how quickly the time had passed away, and how much easier the lessons were than she had anticipated.

She was not quite so ready, however, to part with her strong and unjust prejudices towards a *governess*. She had accustomed herself to think that they must always be very strict, and exceedingly cross, nor did even the winning softness of Miss Mansfield's conduct towards her at all change her opinion, but when she was alone with Lucy in the garden, she renewed her expressions of dislike towards *all* governesses.

"I cannot bear them," said she, "they are always so particular, and so cross; I wish there were no governess here, and then I could be very happy."

"I am sure we should not be nearly so happy without her," said Lucy; "she is such a kind, good creature, and she takes so much pains with us, I love her very dearly."

"*Love!*" said Harriet, laughing; "who ever heard of *loving* a governess? I am sure I used to hate mine, and I did all I could to plague her."

"Oh, for shame! Harriet; it is very wrong to speak so, and I cannot let you speak so of dear kind Miss Mansfield,"

"Well, but I wish she would only leave me alone," said Harriet, "but she is so watchful, and so particular, that I am afraid of all I say and do before her. Are not you and Caroline afraid of her too?"

"Not I," said Lucy, "I always go to her as I would to my own dear mamma, and I tell her everything, even all the wrong things that sometimes come into my mind."

"Oh, but you are very different, she loves you."

"And she will love you too, dear Harriet."

Just then, Mrs Seymour found the little girls in the garden, and seeing that they both looked very grave, she asked them what they were talking about. Harriet looked very confused, and Lucy did not like at once to repeat what had passed, as she was afraid Mrs Seymour would not be pleased with Harriet; but when her mamma again put the question to her, she replied, "Only, dear mamma, Harriet was saying that she thought Miss Mansfield rather unkind, and that she never liked a governess; but I tell her I am sure she must love our good, kind Miss Mansfield."

Mrs Seymour took this opportunity of telling Harriet that she had observed, with great regret,

her haughty, proud manner to Miss Mansfield, and that she could not allow it to continue.

"You should remember," said she, "what a fatiguing occupation it is to be always engaged in instructing young people, especially when they are not always very willing to learn, and if you could understand the many difficulties and trials which a governess is frequently called to endure, you would not wish, I am sure, to add to them, but, on the contrary, desire to do everything in your power to repay Miss Mansfield for all the trouble she takes with you, and for all the time she devotes to your instruction and improvement. I hope I shall see a decided change, my dear Harriet, in your conduct to Miss Mansfield. She is a very kind friend to you all, and I am sure our little family circle would be quite incomplete without her."

Harriet promised to be more respectful and obedient in future, and be more considerate to Miss Mansfield, and Mrs Seymour put an end to the conversation, by telling them that they might now go and work in their garden.

"O mamma," said Caroline, running up eagerly to Mrs Seymour, "I want papa; do you know where he is? He promised to give Harriet a

nice piece of garden close to ours, and he said he would come and mark it out for her, and prepare the ground when we had done our lessons. May I go and call papa?"

"You may see whether he is in the house, dear Carry, if you like; but I am not sure whether he did not go down the village."

"Oh no, dear mamma, here he is, here is dear papa; Harriet, come away and ask him." So saying, she bounded off to her papa, and she soon gained her object, for Mr Seymour was very glad to encourage her in every effort to please others, and to study their amusement and enjoyment in preference to her own.

"Now, papa," said Lucy, "we have got another favour to ask you; we should like to go all together to-morrow to Harriet's garden. She wants to go and fetch some of the beautiful flowers she has got in her garden at home, that she may make this new garden very pretty, and she wishes to show us her rabbits and her bantams. Will you let us go?"

"We will all go together, my little woman," said Mr Seymour; "and we will come back, each laden with some nice plants to put in Harriet's new plot of ground. But, first of all, I must

prepare the border for her, for it is too hard work for a little girl."

Mr Seymour then very kindly set to work, and cleared a nice piece of garden-ground ; and after having dug it well up, and taken out all the useless roots, and the weeds which had pretty well covered it before, he raked it over, and made it quite ready for the young people to lay out in the way they liked best ; and he promised, if they were attentive to their lessons, and got through their tasks quickly the next morning, that he and mamma and the whole party would adjourn to Mrs Attwood's house, and spend a long afternoon in the garden ; and he had no doubt that they would come back with a large supply of roses, fuchsias, geraniums, &c.

The little party waited very impatiently for the next day, when they promised themselves a very busy afternoon ; and even Harriet began to think that she should not be quite so dull as she imagined at Eden Bank, for that Lucy and Caroline seemed to have a great many pleasures which she had never cared about before, because there were so many amusements chalked out for her that she had no time to try to find amusement for herself. "*After all,*" said she, "I feel much happier than

I did when I had no one to share my pleasures." Lucy, too, was very happy, when she saw Harriet more inclined to enter into all those enjoyments which they thought so pleasant ; and she began, in some measure, to realise the happiness which her dear mamma had led her to anticipate, of seeing Harriet become less selfish and discontented, and more anxious to please.



## CHAPTER XI.

### THE GARDENING PARTY.

"PAPA," said Caroline, the next morning at breakfast, "will you remember your *promise*?"

"What promise, my little Carry?" asked Mr Seymour.

"Why, you know, papa, you said you would go with us to-day to Harriet's garden; and I am sure we shall want a great deal of help from you, and a great deal of advice; so you must come, dear papa."

"I shall be at your service, ma'am," said her papa, laughing, "as soon as the lessons are disposed of; but I do not think I shall be of much use—not half so much as old James."

"Oh, but we must have you both, papa, and mamma, and Miss Mansfield, and Lucy, and Harriet. What a large working party we shall be!"

"I cannot promise to be of much use," said Mrs Seymour; "but still I shall be happy to

accompany you, and superintend your operations.'b

Harriet had not been at her own house since her mamma left home, and she was very anxious to go and see how all her pets were going on ; for she had several tame rabbits, and some doves, and a pretty bullfinch, and a nice little dog, called Fido ; with whom, however, I fear she was no great favourite, as she was rather capricious, and would often mingle her caresses and her thumps in a way that Fido did not at all understand ; and he had been enjoying, rather than deploring, the absence of his young mistress, as he was now allowed to lie unmolested at his ease in the sun, or to scamper about wherever he chose. As soon as the morning lessons were completed, and Harriet had earned especial commendation from Miss Mansfield for her attention and diligence, the whole party sallied forth upon their gardening expedition. Even little Charlie was requested to make one of the party, as he might like to run about on the lawn if he could not benefit the workers by his sage advice. As soon as they reached the house, Harriet set off in great haste to the garden, taking no notice of her good nurse Agnes, who asked several

times how she was, and when she had heard from her mamma. She was too intent upon her own gratification to attend to any one else; but Mr Seymour called her back, saying—

“I think Harriet, you are forgetting everybody but yourself just now. Here is Agnes waiting to speak to you, and Mrs Symonds, too; can you not spare one moment to reply to them?”

“Oh, I’m in such a hurry,” said Harriet, “I can speak to them afterwards.”

“You should never be in such a hurry as to be unmindful of what is kind and civil to others,” said Mr Seymour. “A few minutes are well spent in speaking a kind word to any one, especially to those who take an interest in you, as poor Agnes does. Supposing you try to put *self* out of the way for a little, and first of all go and speak to the servants, and tell them all that you have heard from your mamma, and then you will feel more pleasure in setting about your day’s work.”

Harriet obeyed very reluctantly; but after she had performed what she thought a very *unnecessary* act of civility and kindness, she *returned with a more cheerful face*; and now they

all went to the poultry-yard to see how the rabbits and bantams were. Harriet was sadly vexed to find that a cat had destroyed two of her young rabbits, and she immediately came to the conclusion that it must be James the gardener's fault.

"Now, my dear Harriet," said Mr Seymour, "what reason have you for supposing that James is to blame?"

"Oh, because the cat never got them as long as I was at home; and they are all so careless, mamma often says, that there is no keeping a pet, because the servants will not look after them."

"I allow that servants often dislike the trouble of pets," said Mr Seymour, "for they are frequently very mischievous, and perhaps undo in a few minutes the work of some hours; but you should be very careful how you accuse any one falsely, and it is quite time enough to blame poor James when you find that he really has been guilty of carelessness."

Just at that moment James passed them, and Harriet longed to speak to him about the rabbits; but Mr Seymour's little word of caution had *made her more careful how she spoke, and she*

only asked him how the cat had got her poor rabbits.

"Why, Miss," said James, "it was the very day you went away. After you had been feeding them, you ran away and forgot to put down the bar of their little door, and that evening, when I went to shut them all up for the night, I found two of them missing, and I have no doubt the cat had stolen them."

"Now, Harriet," said Mr Seymour, "I think you must see the force of what I said to you just now, and I hope it will be a lesson to you how you hastily accuse servants, when, after all, you see it has been your *own* carelessness which has brought this disaster upon you."

Harriet felt that Mr Seymour was quite right, though she was not so ready as she should have been to own that she was wrong; still it was a lesson to her, and the remembrance of it often checked her when she was about to ascribe anything to the carelessness of others. They now proceeded to the flower-garden, and Harriet soon led the way to the snug little corner where lay her very pretty garden, well stocked with all kinds of beautiful flowers, divided by pretty green walks

between the beds, and a nice thick hedge of sweet-briar all round.

"Oh, what a beautiful garden you have," said Caroline; "I think, if I were you, I should never be tired of working in it."

"I never work in it at all," said Harriet; "James does all I want for me, but I begin to think it must be pleasanter to attend to it one's self, and put in all the seeds."

"Now, ladies," said Mr Seymour, "you who do not intend to labour, but merely to look on and watch our proceedings, had better seat yourselves in this pretty arbour, where you will be sheltered from the sun, and be able to superintend our operations. Now, Harriet, we must first of all mark those things which grow rather too luxuriantly, and from which you can spare a root or a slip, and then we will remove them at the proper season, for you know it is rather early for such things as are usually transplanted in autumn: but we shall find quite enough for our present purpose, for many of these will do well enough just now, by taking a good ball of earth with them."

"I'll tell you what I have been thinking," said Harriet. "You know James always keeps

a number of young roses in pots, ready for putting out ; now, might we not take some of them ? ”

“ That we may, certainly, if he can spare them,” said Mr Seymour ; “ for we can sink them in the pots at first, and then put them out into the new garden in the autumn.”

“ I will run away,” said Harriet, “ and ask James,” and she was out of sight in a moment.

“ I fear the servants are at dinner,” said Mrs Seymour, “ for I heard the bell ring a few minutes ago.”

Mr Seymour was a very considerate, kind master, and he could not bear to disturb his servants when they were at their meals ; and fearing that Harriet’s impatient spirit would lead her to forget the attention that was due to poor old James’s comfort, he hastened after her, and as he passed on the other side of a quickset hedge, behind which he had approached unobserved, he was much shocked to hear Harriet speaking in a very rude and overbearing manner to James.

“ I am sure Mr Seymour would never tell you to call me in the middle of my dinner,” said James.

“ *But I tell you he did,*” said Harriet, “ and *you must come ;* how can I wait all the time that

you are at your dinner? I will tell mamma," said she, angrily, "if you do not come when I tell you."

"Gently, gently, Harriet," said Mr Seymour, "is that the way that a young lady should speak to servants? If you cannot exercise a little more patience and consideration, I cannot allow James to do what you wish."

Harriet looked very foolish, for she knew how rudely she was in the habit of speaking to all her mamma's servants; and, trying to overcome her proud and impatient spirit, she said, "I will wait, James, till you have done."

"Thank you, Miss," said James; "I'll not be above a few minutes, and then I will follow you to the nursery garden."

Whilst Harriet and Mr Seymour were waiting for James, he kindly expostulated with her upon the impropriety of her behaviour to the servants, and her want of consideration in wishing to take James away in the middle of his dinner, merely because she could not brook a few minutes delay.

"There is nothing, Harriet," said Mr Seymour, "in which our natural selfishness more constantly discovers itself than in our conduct to servants. We expect them to be always respectful to us, and



attentive to our orders ; but we forget that we have a duty to perform towards them, and that we should never unnecessarily try their patience, and tempt them to give way to temper, by being unjust and unreasonable in our demands upon them. Remember that if they are employed all day in working for us, the least that we can do is to avoid giving them unnecessary trouble, and to allow them to enjoy their intervals of rest undisturbed. How would you like to be called away two or three times in the middle of your dinner?"

"Not at all," replied Harriet.

"Well then, my love, in all these comparatively little things, we should learn to think of others, and to do to them as we should wish done to ourselves."

"But mamma never told me not to disturb them at their meals," said Harriet; "I am sure she sometimes rings the bell two or three times for Agnes when she is at her dinner."

"That is nothing to the purpose," said Mr Seymour; "it may be unavoidable sometimes, but what I want you to feel is the duty of being kind *and considerate* to all around you, and remembering that we are responsible to God for our conduct

to all those whom He has placed under our authority, let us not forget that 'we also have a Master in heaven,' and if He were to exact as much from us, as we often wish to exact from our servants, I know not what would become of us; but now I see James is ready, so we will go to the nursery garden."

"Now, then, James, what have you got for us to take away? Miss Harriet is very anxious for some nice roses."

"Well, sir, I am just picking out some that I think little Miss will like. Here is a *Rosa Indica*, and here is a fine monthly rose, and a *Rose de Meaux*, and one or two good Scotch briars, which are beautiful for climbing, sir, if you put in a pole or two."

"That will do delightfully," said Harriet; "and then, James, in the autumn you can give me some bulbs and some cuttings, which Mr Seymour says it is too soon to put in just now."

"Yes, Miss, that I will," said James, who began to think that young Miss was already much improved by her residence with such good Christian people as Mr and Mrs Seymour.

Harriet and Mr Seymour had returned to the party in the arbour, followed by James, with a

wheel-barrow full of roses, geraniums, and other beautiful things, which he was going to take over to Mr Seymour's for Harriet's new garden. When Caroline saw them she looked with a longing eye, for she was enthusiastically fond of flowers—so much so, that when she was a very little girl, if she saw any one with a nosegay in their hand, she looked at it so often, and seemed so much to long for it, that she generally succeeded in obtaining the nosegay, though Lucy used to tell her that it was very selfish, when she had so many beautiful flowers in the garden, to be taking them from those who perhaps had no garden at all.

"I wish Harriet would give me some of those flowers," said Caroline to her mamma; "do you not think she might spare me some?"

"I think it would be a great pity to ask it just now, my love," said Mrs Seymour; "I want you and Lucy to show Harriet that you have *more* pleasure in contributing to her amusement and gratification than your own, and that you can be quite free of all selfish feeling. Now, if you begin to look out for number one, you lose the opportunity of setting her an example of disinterested kindness, and I think that would be a *great pity*."

Caroline said no more, but ran away, quite satisfied that her dear mamma knew best ; and she was quite willing to wait for some future opportunity to ask Harriet for a few little things to put in her garden.

They returned home quite delighted with the happy afternoon they had spent ; and the next day Mrs Seymour and James put in all the pots, and laid out Harriet's little garden so prettily, that she was quite pleased, and she thought she would like now to work in it herself, and keep it in good order.

"I never cared about my garden at home," said she ; "for I had nothing to do. James used to put in all the seeds, and weed it, and keep it so nicely, that I had nothing left for me to do."

"I think the great pleasure of a garden," said Lucy, "consists in attending to it ourselves, and putting in the little seeds, and watching them as they appear above ground. Oh, it is such a pleasure to see them growing up, and then waiting for the blossom to appear."

"It is very interesting," said Mrs Seymour, who had overheard the conversation ; "as interesting to you as it is to us to watch over *our* little plants. You are all our little plants, you

know, and your papa and I watched over your growth in grace and holiness, just as you watch over the opening buds, and the pretty flowers in your little garden ; and as you pull up the weeds, and try to clear away the insects from the buds, and wait anxiously for the lovely blossoms, so *we* look with intense anxiety upon you, our precious plants. We sow the seed in faith ; we water it with many tears and prayers ; we watch jealously for the worm at the root ; we try to pluck up every noxious weed of sin ; and we look forward, with lively hope, to the time when we may see the lovely fruits of righteousness appear, to the praise and glory of our God."

When Harriet retired to rest that night, she began to think that, after all, Eden Bank was a much pleasanter place than she had thought ; that Miss Mansfield was not so cross as she expected ; and that Lucy and Caroline were such pleasant, kind companions, that she feared she would miss them very much when she was obliged to leave them and return home. But Harriet had plenty of time to enjoy her residence at Eden Bank. Mrs Attwood had written frequently to her little girl, and she told her that *she* was benefiting so very much by her trip,

that she did not know when she would be at home. Mrs Seymour, in reply, assured her that Harriet was going on very well, and improving exceedingly, and that she had no occasion to hurry her return on her account, as she seemed very happy, and was becoming much more docile and obedient.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE MISSIONARY BOX.

THERE was one thing which Harriet had observed during her residence with the Seymours which puzzled her very much—she had noticed that Lucy seemed very careful how she spent her money. This she thought might be very right, as she perhaps had not quite so much to spend as she had herself; but then she thought that Lucy seemed more than *careful*, that she appeared to be really fond of money, for she had often observed her putting it away into a little box which she kept carefully shut up in her drawer, and she frequently found her counting it over, and watching its increase with great interest; while she never saw her take a sixpence out of this said box, and once or twice she had heard her say that she had *no money*. Well, I am sure, she thought, after all, Lucy must have some faults, for she is very stingy, and then she *certainly* says what is not true. After allowing

Lucy's conduct, in this respect, to be a frequent source of surprise and suspicion to her, she was one day accidentally led to speak to her about it.

A traveller, or pedlar, as he is sometimes called, who was in the habit of going about the country with a variety of goods for sale, called at Eden Grove, and as his bundle contained some useful things, such as sealing-wax, paper, pins, needles, and a variety of other things, Mrs Seymour allowed him to exhibit his wares. Harriet found she wanted a great many things, and she ran up-stairs for her purse. As her mamma allowed her plenty of money—more perhaps than was quite judicious for one so young and thoughtless—Mrs Seymour did not like to prevent her from buying anything that was useful, and she soon laid out several shillings.

"Are you not going to buy anything, Lucy?" she asked.

"No," said Lucy, "I do not think I want anything; and, at all events, I have no money just now."

Harriet looked very earnestly at her, as much as to say, "O Lucy, how can you say so?" but poor Lucy's conscious rectitude prevented her



from at all comprehending Harriet's meaning in looking so reproachfully at her.

As soon as the man had gone, and Lucy and Harriet were alone, the latter exclaimed, "Well, Lucy, I did not think you would tell such an untruth."

"An untruth! Harriet, what do you mean?" asked Lucy, with deep emotion.

"Why, you said just now, you had *no* money, and I am sure you have a great deal, for I have seen you often counting it over, and I am sure you have a great many shillings in your little box."

"O Harriet!" replied Lucy, much hurt that she should for a moment be considered as guilty of deceit and falshood, both of which she abhorred, "I wish you had asked me about this before, instead of allowing yourself to suspect me of what is so sinful in the sight of God; I should be miserable if I were thus to offend *Him*," and she burst into tears.

"O Lucy!" replied Harriet, "I am sure I did did not mean to vex you so much, but I could not help wondering how you could say you had *no* money."

"Well, Harriet," replied Lucy, "I said what is

really true, for that money is not mine ; it is my missionary box, and it is already given to God ; I do not consider it as belonging to me any longer. I did not tell you about it, because mamma always says, that we should remember our Saviour's injunction, ' Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth ; ' and she says, there is so much of sin that mixes with everything that we do, and that we are so inclined to seek the applause of men more than the praise of God, that it is better to say very little about any of our plans for doing good."

" But how came you to think of a missionary box ? " asked Harriet.

" It was first put into my mind," replied Lucy, " by what I was told about a little girl, who kept a missionary box, and put into it every penny and every farthing she could save, and at the end of the year it amounted to a sum which was sufficient for putting a poor little heathen child to school. Have you ever attended any of the missionary meetings at S—— ? they are so interesting, and we always have some good men, and sometimes those who have been missionaries abroad themselves, who speak to us, and tell us so much that is delightful about the poor heathen."

"No, I never went to any of the meetings," replied Harriet; "I remember hearing of a meeting last year, but mamma never lets me go; she says that there are plenty of heathens *at home*, and she likes better to give her money where she can tell what becomes of it."

"Oh, but I am sure *my* dear mamma never neglects those at home; she takes a great deal of pains with the school, and she is very kind to all the poor people, and she goes and reads to them, and explains the Bible to them, and she often takes me with her, for I love to see any of them beginning to think about their souls, and to wish to hear of Jesus and His love to sinners. Do you ever go to see any of them?"

"No, mamma has not time for that," said Harriet, "she has so much to do; she has such a number of visitors, and a great many visits to pay; and then she does not like taking me into these poor cottages."

Lucy felt very thankful that her mamma allowed her to accompany her so frequently in her visits to the poor, and that she had led her to feel the duty of attending to the wants of the *heathen*, whether at home or abroad; and she *hoped that some day* Harriet would be led to feel

what a high and holy privilege it is to be *fellow-workers* with Christ, as her mamma had often told her those are who labour to teach the ignorant, and to lead others to know and love the Saviour.

"But, Lucy, how is it," asked Harriet, "that you manage to put so much into your missionary box?"

"Just by trying to bear it always in mind," said Lucy, "and denying myself many little things which I should otherwise like to do—such as going to see sights, or buying pretty things. I am often almost tempted, and then I recollect how much better it would be to save my money and put it into my box; and then it will pay for putting some little child to school, or for some missionary going to preach the gospel to the poor heathen, and to tell them of Jesus, and His love to poor sinners; and the good arising from that, you know, will be everlasting."

"O Lucy, you make me almost long to begin and keep a missionary box. I have always a good deal of money, so that I could easily put in something every week."

"That would be very delightful," said Lucy; "and if you once begin, I am sure you will soon be *anxious* to save a great deal, instead of spending

it upon yourself ; for mamma says that real charity consists in denying ourselves, that we may be able to give to everything that is good."

"That must be more difficult, though," replied Harriet ; "I can quite well put by something every week, but I am not sure that I should like to deny myself everything, as you do."

"O dear Harriet," said Lucy, "if you love Jesus, you will not think it hard to deprive yourself of some little pleasure, in order to have more to give to promote His cause among the poor heathen."

"I wish now I had not spent so much this morning," said Harriet, "with the pedlar, and then I could have given you something for your box, but I will do so another time ; but I do not see the use of putting in a little every week. Why not put a good deal once or twice in the year ? it would come to the same thing."

"Not exactly," replied Lucy, "for dear mamma says that by putting by so much a week, we keep up a constant interest in the work in our own minds ; whereas we are very apt to take things up for a time, and then lose all thought about it till the season for paying our subscriptions comes *round again*."

"Well, I think I should like to go to the next missionary meeting. When will it be?"

"Next month," said Lucy, "and I am sure mamma will take us; and I shall be so happy to have you with us, for I am sure you will enjoy it. Perhaps some day, Harriet," she continued, "I shall see you counting your money and putting it away in a certain little box."

"Oh, do not say any more about that, Lucy, I am very sorry I suspected you of what was so wrong; I am sure I might have known that you must be doing it for some good purpose; but you will forgive me, won't you, Lucy?"

"That I do with all my heart," said Lucy, "and you must not say any more about it; you see it has led to one good thing, and that is your beginning to be interested in the missionary work, and commencing a missionary *box*. And now we must try and see how much we can save for this blessed purpose, and I will help you, Harriet, and tell you a number of ways in which children have contrived to save a good deal. One way in which I have managed to get a few shillings has been by making a few pincushions, or housewives, or sets of baby-clothes for the poor, and then sometimes some of mamma's friends buy them from

me; or if mamma wants to give away some clothes to any poor person for her little baby, she buys them at what she calls *my shop*. Now, supposing we join together and employ all our spare time in working for the Missionary Society, and then we shall soon get a nice large basket full of things, and I know that we shall be able to get them sold."

"Oh yes, and I'll ask mamma to buy some when she comes back," said Harriet; "I am sure it will be far more useful than working stools and slippers."

"You might possibly be able to sell them also," said Lucy; "but then they take so long to do, that I think it better to make a number of small things, which people are more ready to buy than those which cost a good deal. Then I will tell you another way in which you might save; you know you often spend a sixpence upon fruit and cakes when the old man comes round with his basket. Now, if you were to deny yourself these things, and put away the money in your box instead, you would soon have a great deal."

"Well, I will try," said Harriet; "but then I have enough for both, therefore I don't see why *I may not indulge myself now and then by laying out a few pence in cakes or fruit.*"

"Oh, you *may*, of course," said Lucy; "but I mean, that when you once begin to think about the missionary work at all, you will feel anxious, I am sure, to devote everything you can save to this purpose; for you know it is the want of money which prevents the Society from sending out a great many more missionaries, and if you were to save all you possibly can, you do not know but what it may help them to send another missionary; at any rate, it may pay for several little children being sent to the missionary school, and then they would be taught to know and love Jesus, who died for them. Would not this be worth a great deal of trouble, and a great deal of self-denial, Harriet?"

"Yes," replied Harriet, "I should like to know that I was doing so much good; but I fear I should never be able to think of it, as you do, at all times; I should not like to deny myself *every* thing."

"Not *every* thing, dear Harriet, I did not mean that; but you know our Saviour says, that if we wish to be His disciples, we must '*deny ourselves*,' and take up our cross and follow Him."

"Well, Lucy, you must try and teach me all *these things*," said Harriet; "for, sometimes when



I hear you speak, I wish I could feel as you do ; but then I forget all about it again, and it is so very difficult to be always acting contrary to our own wishes and inclinations."

"It is very difficult," said Lucy ; "I am sure I often find it so ; but if we really desire to love God and please Him, He will give us strength ; and often when I have felt how very weak I am in myself, I have been made quite happy by repeating those beautiful and comforting words of our Saviour, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness.'"

The two little girls now kissed each other affectionately, and Lucy's heart was full of joy when she saw Harriet beginning to take an interest in what was good, and she thought what a blessing it would be if she should, after all, find in her a companion in the right way. She told her dear mamma what had passed, who rejoiced with her at these hopeful signs in her young friend, and Mrs Seymour endeavoured to encourage Harriet in every way, and to make her feel that religion's ways are ways of "pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

A FEW days after this conversation had taken place between Lucy and Harriet, there was a delightful plan proposed by Mr Seymour—viz., that they should make a long day's excursion to the woods. It had been often spoken of, and for some time past Lucy and Caroline had been frequently asking their papa when he was going to fulfil his promise of taking them to the High Woods, as they were called, from the commanding eminence whose heights they crowned. They proposed to start early after breakfast, and to take a cold dinner with them, so that they might not be at all hurried, but be able to return home in the cool of the evening. Mr Seymour thought that the walk would be rather too long for the young people, especially Caroline, and he therefore proposed that they should avail themselves of the little pony upon which the gardener's boy rode for the letters, and that they should take it

in turn to ride, so that none of the party might be over-fatigued. The night before was a very busy night among the children : sundry preparations were made for their expedition, the basket was well supplied with provisions, and each one thought of something that would be indispensable for their pic-nic dinner. There was little thought of that evening but the promised walk, and it was considerably later than usual before they could compose themselves to sleep, they were so much excited with the prospect of the morrow. At length, however, the morning arrived, and precisely at ten o'clock the whole party presented themselves at the door, equipped for their expedition. Master Fripp, the little black Exmoor pony, stood ready with his side-saddle, and the basket of provisions slung from the pommel ; Mr Seymour carried his large botanical box under his arm ; and at last the word of command was given, and the whole party started on their expedition, except little Charlie, and as he was not aware how much pleasure he was losing, he seemed perfectly contented when he saw them take their departure, and continued his amusement of *picking daisies*, and putting them into his little cart. *Fripp having* kindly consented to carry his young

friends by turn, Caroline was first mounted, as the exuberance of her childish joy was likely soon to exhaust her strength, and Mrs Seymour thought she would be quite tired enough when she returned home. Mr Seymour walked by Fripp's side, to ensure his behaving himself as a pony should do in the society of ladies; for he was not very steady, and he occasionally showed more of his heels than was quite polite. However, there was no occasion to be afraid when his master was by his side; they were therefore very glad to avail themselves of his services. They walked on for a long way in high glee, the whole party enjoying the lovely day and the beautiful scenery, and they had arrived within sight of the richly-wooded hill to which their steps were bent, when Mr Seymour proposed that they should cut across the road, and endeavour to reach the wood by a shorter path than that on which they now proceeded. Accordingly they were just in the act of following out this suggestion, when, as they crossed the high road, they observed a poor old woman sitting by the road-side, leaning her head against a stone, and apparently very ill. They could not pass this poor, miserable object without a few inquiries, which, however, she was scarcely

able to answer, and they with difficulty ascertained that she had the day before been ejected from her little wretched hut upon the moor, because she was unable to pay her rent; that she had slept under a hedge the previous night, and had set out as soon as it was light, to try and reach the village of B——, where her sister lived, as she hoped she might find an asylum with her. Her strength, however, had utterly failed, for she was old and infirm, and she had tasted nothing for many hours, and she was now so ill, and so overcome with fatigue of body and distress of mind, that she could proceed no farther.

“What is to be done with the poor creature?” said Mr Seymour; “we cannot leave her here to perish, and it is impossible that she can reach B—— to-day; it is at least five miles from this.”

“Have you no chance of getting a lift, if I give you a trifle to pay for it?” asked Mr Seymour.

“Not much, I fear, sir,” she replied; “there are few pass this way that would be willing to take up a poor creature like me.”

“And have you had nothing to eat to-day?” asked Mrs Seymour.

“Nothing, my lady, since noon yesterday; I called at yon farm to ask for a morsel of broken



“‘What is to be done with the poor creature?’ said Mr. Seymour?”  
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meat, but they took me for a vagrant, and shut the door in my face."

The children had all gathered round the poor woman, and Lucy's tender heart was so touched by her wretched situation, that she forgot everything else in her anxiety that Mr Seymour should think of some plan to relieve her.

"Could you not put her on the pony, papa," she asked, "and take her to Farmer Davidson's? it is not very far off, and I am sure they would take care of her, for I remember they were so kind to us one day when we asked to rest there, and they brought out some nice new milk from the cow, and all sorts of nice things, and made us so comfortable."

"Indeed, Lucy," he replied, "I think it is not at all a bad plan, and I dare say they would take her in for the night."

"Oh but then, what will become of our excursion?" asked Harriet, impatiently. "If we are so hindered, we shall never get to the High Woods, and then all our pleasant day's fun will be spoiled."

"I hope not," replied Mr Seymour; "but there is a more important point to be considered just



now, and that is, how we can provide for this poor woman's safety."

Harriet could not conceal her annoyance at this unseasonable interruption, and she exclaimed, loud enough for the poor woman to hear what she said, "Tiresome old creature! I wish she had never come in our way. I wish we had gone the other way, and then we should not have seen her."

"Harriet," said Mr Seymour, very seriously, "I am ashamed to see you so selfish; you should rather be thankful that God, in His providence, directed our steps this way, for it may be the means of saving a poor creature's life. If she is left out another night, she must die, and which do you think is the worst, that our party of pleasure should be interrupted, or that a fellow-creature should die for want of help?"

Harriet was rather ashamed, but still she could not overcome her feelings of vexation and disappointment. "I am sure," she said, turning to Miss Mansfield—"I am sure you will own it is very provoking."

"Not provoking certainly, my love, I cannot own that; it is a little trying to your patience I dare say, but you must not say a word more, but *try to keep down those selfish feelings, which*

would lead you to consider your own trifling pleasure, before the necessitous condition of a suffering fellow-creature.

Caroline looked very grave, but after the reproving tone in which her papa had spoken to Harriet, and after what Miss Mansfield had just said, she did not venture to complain, but with a tearful eye and full heart she sobbed out, "Then must we give up our walk?"

"Perhaps we may not be called to do so, my love, though I rather fear that we may be prevented from going so far, and if we are, dear Carry, it will be just an opportunity of exercising patience and self-denial."

Harriet, who could not bring her mind to submit at all pleasantly to the disappointment, here came eagerly forward, and asked Mrs Seymour if it would not do to give the poor woman some money, and she was sure she would then be able to get on. "I will give her my half-crown I have in my pocket," said she, "if that will do."

"No, no, Harriet," replied Mrs Seymour, "that would be of very little use whilst she is in her present weak state, for she might find no opportunity of making use of it, and I am afraid

we could not quite so easily relieve our minds from the painful conviction that we had preferred a day's pleasure to an absolute call of duty. We must either return home and take her with us, or we must follow Lucy's suggestion, and take her to Farmer Davidson's."

After sundry consultations, it was agreed that Lucy's plan was the best; accordingly Mr Seymour placed the poor woman upon the pony, and proposing that the rest of the party should sit down and take their luncheon during his absence, he and Miss Mansfield set out for Farmer Davidson's, Mr Seymour leading the pony very slowly, for fear it might be too much for the poor weak and infirm old woman.

The disconsolate little girls stood for some minutes watching the receding figures, with feelings of unconcealed disappointment; at least Harriet and Caroline; for though Lucy was really very sorry for the interruption, still when she thought of the miserable condition of this poor woman, she felt that she could not have had a moment's enjoyment of her walk, had they left her by the road-side, without knowing what would become of her, and she felt very glad that *God had directed their steps that way.*

"Mamma, how fortunate it was," said Lucy, "that papa proposed taking this short way to the woods, for we should never have known anything about this poor woman."

"It was very providential, my dear," said Mrs Seymour, "and when we know that not a sparrow can fall to the ground without the permission of God, we must feel assured that He led us this way, and that He himself is now calling upon us for the exercise of our Christian love towards her."

Harriet and Caroline were both, however, grievously disappointed, and they could not get the better of it. Caroline said nothing, but Mrs Seymour saw that she was crying, whilst Harriet showed a great deal of bad temper, and kept her back turned to them in a very sullen manner, and when Lucy spoke to her she pushed her away very crossly, and spoke very ill-naturedly. Mrs Seymour called them both to her in a very kind and gentle tone.

"Come, children," said she, "your papa may be gone some time, I think you had better come and sit down by me on the grass, and we will refresh ourselves with a few sandwiches. Harriet, *here is a nice little mossy bank for you, and*

there is a comfortable seat for you, Lucy and Carry, upon this log of wood."

After they were seated, and the young people were taking their luncheon in silence, Mrs Seymour began to speak to them in a very kind manner, and try to convince them how wrong it was to give way to such selfish feeling.

"I am really sorry for you all," said she; "you have been called to-day to undergo a very great disappointment, and I know that at your age I should have felt it very much; but it is just one of those occasions which call for a strong effort on our part, depending upon the assistance of God's Holy Spirit, without which we can do nothing that is good, to overcome our feelings, and to give up our own selfish gratification for the good of others. When you put into one scale your day's pleasure, and into the other the misery and wretchedness from which you have relieved this poor woman, which do you think is the object of the greatest importance?"

"Oh, of course the poor woman's case is the worst," said Harriet; "but I would gladly have given her a great deal of money instead of letting *her take up so much of our time.*"

"*I dare say you would, my love; but I fear*

this would not have proved a desirable mode of relief. In the first place, it is not right to give much money away, without knowing all the circumstances, and being quite sure that it will be made a good use of; in the next place, the poor woman is not in a state to go about seeking assistance, and she might have perished even with the money in her pocket. Besides this, if you examine your motive for wishing to bestow this money upon her, I fear you will find that you were not prompted by Christian charity, but simply by the wish to rid yourself of her, and be at liberty to pursue your pleasure,—was it not so?"

Harriet's conscience pleaded guilty, but she made no reply.

Mrs Seymour continued, "To one who has plenty of money at her command, it is often, my child, very little exercise of Christian benevolence to administer relief in that way. It may be said to cost us nothing, and if it be not given from the right motive, and in *name of a disciple*, and from love to Jesus, it can never be acceptable to God; whereas we are told, that a *cup of cold water*, given in the right way, *shall in no wise lose its reward*. Remember, Harriet, the costly offerings which were poured into the treasury in our

Lord's time. He marked them all; but what was the judgment He pronounced? 'Of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all; for all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God; but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had.' Now this act of self-denial, if carried through in a right spirit, the spirit of cheerful love, and willingly undergone for Christ's sake, is more acceptable to God, than all the money you would have hastily given, in a thoughtless, prayerless, and selfish spirit."

"But, mamma, is it not real charity, when we give our money to the poor?" asked Caroline.

"It depends entirely upon the spirit in which it is given, my Carry," replied Mrs Seymour. "You remember St Paul plainly tells us, that we may 'give all our goods to feed the poor,' and yet be destitute of real charity."

"I do not understand how that can be, mamma; what is charity then?" continued Caroline.

"St Paul proceeds to tell us in what true charity or love consists," said Mrs Seymour, "in the same chapter, and I think, Caroline, you have

repeated it so often to me, that you must remember the beautiful portrait which St Paul draws of this lovely Christian grace."

"Oh yes, I remember it all now," said Caroline; "and I think I see what you mean, that real charity is just another word for *love*, showing itself in a great many different ways, and springing from love to Jesus, who has loved us, so very very much."

"Just so, my dear child," replied Mrs Seymour, "and I think I could tell you a story, a *true* story, which I heard or read sometime ago, which beautifully illustrates the character of real self-denying charity." "I fear," she continued, "it is too late to commence it just now, for I expect papa back every moment, and he will be wanting to get home, but if you be good children I will tell it to you this evening."

"Oh, mamma, that will be very nice," said Caroline, "and now I see papa and Miss Mansfield coming, so we should not have had time to hear the story just now; but, oh, how I wish we had had our tea and were ready to begin." As her papa drew nearer, Caroline exclaimed, "Mamma, papa is looking at his watch, I wonder whether he is thinking that there will be time



after all to go to the wood. May I run and meet him, dear mamma."

"When he comes a little nearer," replied Mrs Seymour. And in a few minutes more Caroline flew to her father's side, who was quite delighted to see her so happy and cheerful, notwithstanding the disappointment.

"Well, papa, can we go? Is it too late? Don't you think we shall have time to go still, papa?" was the oft-repeated question put by poor little Caroline. "Oh, papa, you are smiling, I know you will say yes."

"I fear I cannot say yes, my little girl," said he, looking again at his watch; "but we will go and consult with all the wise heads under the hedge here; I have a grave proposal to make to them."

"A *grave* proposal, papa; oh, I don't think I shall like that; what can it be, Miss Mansfield?"

"Come away, and you shall soon hear what it is."

Mrs Seymour was very anxious to know what had been done for the poor woman, so that Caroline was obliged to restrain her impatience for a *few moments* longer, before she could find out *what* Mr Seymour's proposal was to be.

"I am thankful to say, that I have got the poor woman comfortably housed for the night," said Mr Seymour. "Farmer Davidson and his wife were very kind, and they have promised to send her on in their own cart to-morrow to her sister's."

"That is very kind," said Mrs Seymour; "and how did the poor thing bear the motion of the pony?"

"Not very well at first," said Miss Mansfield; "but we got her safely to the farm, and if you had seen how astonished Mrs Davidson and the little ones were. They came running out, thinking that it was you on the pony; and when they saw Mr Seymour lifting the poor wretched-looking creature off the pony, they seemed at a loss to comprehend what it meant. However, they soon made her comfortable by the fire-side, and I am sure they will take good care of her."

"Now, papa," said Caroline; "now for the grave proposal."

"Yes, now I will tell you my plan," said Mr Seymour. The heads of the three little girls were bent eagerly forward to listen to this plan, and very impatient they were to know what it was.

"*My* plan," he continued, "is to return home

to-day, as we have lost so much time, that we should be too hurried to enjoy ourselves, and then I shall send in a formal petition to Mrs Seymour and Miss Mansfield, that the lessons may be dispensed with to-morrow, and that the whole party set out afresh on their expedition, when I hope no more old women may stop us, Harriet," turning round, with a kind but reproving smile to her.

Harriet felt that she deserved reproof, and though she showed plainly that she felt it, she said nothing.

"Now, then, ladies," continued Mr Seymour, "who approves of my plan?"

"All—all," cried the little girls, and Mrs Seymour and Miss Mansfield gladly acquiesced in the decision. Master Fripp, who had been making the most of his time by cropping the nice long grass, thought, I suppose, that his opinion ought to be asked too; but finding that the decision was made without consulting him, he began to move off in the direction of home, thinking, I suppose, that his assistance might be dispensed with, as the young ladies could easily walk that distance.

"Not quite in such a hurry, sir," cried Mr


Seymour ; "stop, stop, Fripp," and he caught hold of Fripp's bridle and led him back, while he mounted Harriet upon him, and the whole party returned home.

After tea, the children all gathered round their mamma, and reminded her of her promise to tell them an interesting story illustrative of real Christian charity. "I am quite ready, dear children," replied Mrs Seymour, "and if you will get your work, for little fingers are better to be employed, I will begin at once."

## CHAPTER XIV

### STORY OF SANDIE WRIGHT.

“THE story which I promised to tell you, dear children,” continued Mrs Seymour, “is in substance a true story, though I cannot remember all particulars, as it is long since I met with it. The story relates to a poor orphan boy, named Sandie Wright, and a fine old Highlander named Donald Macpherson, a truly Christian man, who lived in the far North, near Inverness. Donald had a daughter in service in Edinburgh, and as it was some years since he had seen her, he determined to take his foot in his hand, as the old saying is, and start upon a journey thither. He found that an acquaintance of his was going in the same direction as far as Perth, and they agreed to go together so far. His name was Alick Sanderson ; he was not nearly so nice a man as Donald, whose heart was full of kindness and love to everybody, whereas Alick was of a



churlish temper, and had very little of the milk of human kindness in him.

“Donald did not much care for his company, but as he was going the same road, he thought it would be unkind to refuse his offer of accompanying him; ‘besides,’ he said to himself, ‘perhaps I may, God helping me, be of use to him; who knows, but the Lord may give me a word for him, a word that shall sink into his heart, and bring him to the knowledge of the Saviour.’”

“I am so glad, mamma,” said Caroline, “that Donald let him go with him, for he could hardly help getting some good from him.”

“We will hope he did, my love. Well, these two travelled on together for many and many a mile, and then they came upon a wide dreary moor, where there was not a sign of human habitation. You have seen some of these dreary barren moors when you have been travelling with us in the Highlands, but perhaps this moor that I am speaking about is one of the very dreariest that can be met with anywhere, extending for many miles between Inverness and Blair.

“Here and there a few peat stacks showed

that it was a place where the poor people came to cut peats for their winter fuel, but otherwise there was no sign of life."

"Oh, mamma!" said Caroline, "I should not have liked such a dreary road."

"Nor I either, dear," said Mrs Seymour, "especially as they soon found themselves going into a heavy storm. The hills all around were covered with snow, the sleet and rain was driving in their faces, the wind was piercingly cold, and they were glad to draw their plaids closer around them, and press on at a good brisk pace, hoping to reach some place of shelter ere the night set in."

"I hope they did, mamma," said Lucy; "how dreadful if they had to be out all night in such a storm."

"After a little while, as they walked on, they thought they saw some one on before them, but the drifting snow so blinded them, that they could not make out whether it was a sheep, or a goat, or a human being.

"'It's surely some one battling like ourselves with this wild storm,' said Alick, 'I do believe it's a boy.'

"'I do believe it is,' said Donald; 'some poor



**"The hills all round were covered with snow, the sleet and rain was driving in their faces." — Page 160.**





chap half-blinded as we are, but I fear not so well clothed ; let us hasten on, man, and give him a helping hand.'

"Upon coming tip to him, they soon perceived that it was a poor boy, very thinly clad, without shoes or stockings, nothing but a thread-bare jacket, a little comforter round his throat, and a small bundle under his arm."

"Oh, mamma ! how cold he must have been without shoes or stockings," said Caroline ; "it makes one ready to cry, to think of him."

"He was, indeed, miserably cold, and scarcely strong enough to battle with the blinding snow which beat in his face.

"'Eh ! man,' exclaimed Donald, as he got up to him, 'this is a weary tramp, and a bleak one too, for such a young chap as ye are, where have ye come from lad, and where are ye going ?'

"'I hae come from near Inverness, sir, from this side of the town, and I am on my way to Edinburgh.'

"'To Edinburgh, my man ! do you know how far away it is ?'

"'Oh yea, sir, I ken fine the distance, but I must e'en try to get there, as my mother bid me.'

“Just then Alick, who had been walking on, called to Donald to come away, and not stand clavering there, listening to a parcel of lies.

“‘Oh, sir,’ exclaimed Sandie, ‘it’s no lies I’m telling, it’s real truth—I’m just a poor orphan boy—my mother died only last week, and I’m going to Edinburgh, as my mother bid me, to try and find out the only friend I have in the world.’

“‘Well, my boy,’ replied Donald, laying his hand on the boy’s shoulder, and looking him kindly in the face, ‘I’m thinking you’ll no reach Edinburgh to-night, or to-morrow night either, and where will you bide to-night? you look weary enough already. Do you ken any place where you can sleep to-night?’

“‘Indeed, sir, no. It’s no everybody who will take in a poor boy like me; but maybe I’ll find a shed, or a byre, or some place where I can just get out of this piercing wind.’

“As he said this, the poor boy shivered and his teeth chattered, as if he had an ague fit. Donald’s heart was sore for him, and the tears stood in his kind gray eye. ‘Come along with me, lad’ said he, ‘we will be sure to find a shelter somewhere, and you shall share my bed, and my supper too, such as it may be.’

“‘Oh you are too kind, sir,’ said Sandie, his eye brightening as he looked into Donald’s kind face and saw his look of pity and compassion. ‘I’ll be real thankful, but maybe folks will not care to take in the like of me, though if it is only in a shed I’ll be content.’

“‘Never fear, lad,’ said Donald, ‘if they willna do it for the Master’s sake, maybe they’ll do it for siller ; and though I have but little, I have that which will pay for us both.’”

“‘Oh, mamma !” said Lucy, “I do quite love Donald already ; what a dear kind man he must have been ; for you see, mamma, it was not as if he had been rich, and had had plenty of money.”

“‘If he had been rich, dear Lucy, perhaps he might not have been so willing to give as this poor man was, for those who have the means have not always the heart to help the poor.

“‘We are surely coming to some shielings now,’ said Donald, as they overtook Alick ; ‘ay, ay, there is a sma’ ane before us, we’ll try now if they can take us in.’ Accordingly Donald knocked at the door. It looked like a shepherd’s hut, just on the borders of the moor.

“‘Knock again, maybe they’re deaf,’ said

Alick, rather emphatically, as he gave the door a good kick with his foot.

"It was opened by an old man, who did not wait to ask any questions, but with real Highland hospitality welcomed the travellers, and bid them come in.

"'Ay, ay, come in,' said his wife, an old woman, who was sitting cowering over the remains of a peat-fire; 'come in, and dry yourselves—draw to the fire, man, and take off your wet shoon—we'll soon make you a wee bit comfortable.'

"'Are you no going to sit down?' she continued, to Alick, who was standing half in and half out side the cottage-door.

"'I am thinking I'll go on,' he said, with a sullen discontented air, 'I cannot stay here; I'll get on, and I'll be sure to find a public-house at Blair, where I can get a decent bed, and something to make a man comfortable.'

"'Eh, man,' exclaimed the old woman, 'you surely will not go farther to-night. Can you no put up for a single night in a poor bit place like this? Think of Him who had nowhere to lay His head, and be thankful to get under the shelter of an honest man's roof.'

"In the meantime, however, Alick called out, 'Good-bye, man, I'm thinking we'll no meet again, for you'll be off early, and my way turns off just beyond Blair, so farewell:' and ere Donald could answer him, he was away.

" 'Ah, weel, it's a pity,' said the old man, 'it's a pity he would not bide the night, but it's a poor place, no doubt, for those who can find a better ; but now, friends, draw in, and you, gude-wife, throw on a wee bit mair peat, and stir up a blaze to let the good man see what he is about.'

" 'We'll light the candle soon,' said he, 'but you must ken that my wife and me canna afford to burn the candle long ; and if we did, it wouldna be much use to us, for you see we are growing old, sir, and we canna see to do anything by candle-light ; so we just sit, and think, and have a crack together over the wee bit fire, until it's time to read the word of God ; then we get the light, and we read a while out of the blessed book, and we always find a word there that makes us go to our bed in peace, thanking the Lord for his mercies.'

" 'Maybe this is your son,' they said, looking kindly and inquiringly at Sandie ; 'draw in, lad, to the fire.'

“‘Na, it’s no my son,’ said Donald, ‘but just a poor orphan lad whom the Lord sent the same road, and we are going on together.’


“‘Puir thing, puir thing! come closer, my boy, you’re real wet and cold; eh, lad, if you will get soon to your bed, we’ll hang thae wet things up to dry a’ nicht. We’ll gie ye a shirt to put on the nicht; and in the morning you shall get your jacket and trousers dry and clean.’

“The old man then got his Bible, and after reading a chapter, and offering up a simple earnest prayer, the worthy couple set about making up a comfortable bed of dry heather, and got a warm plaid to throw over them; and they all lay down to rest.

“Oh, mamma!” said Lucy, “how glad Donald and Sandie must have been to lie down, only I wish they had had something better than heather.”

“Indeed, dear children, it shows you do not know much of Highland travelling if you say that, for any real true Highlander will tell you that a bed of dry heather, well made up, is a bed fit for a king; perhaps some would prefer it to the best feather bed in the world.

“Oh, mamma, that is funny, I am sure I should not like it.”



"Perhaps not, dear, but your papa will tell you, when he has been out fishing or shooting in the Highlands, how much he enjoyed his couch of heather, and thought it the most luxurious bed in the world. However, we must go on with our story.

"The next morning, when the weary travellers awoke, they found the worthy old couple had been long astir; and while the husband had been out looking after a few sheep that fed on the moor, the gudewife had milked the cow, laid everything ready for breakfast, and was making some oat-cakes on the girdle. A clean cloth was spread, and a bowl of nice fresh milk and some barley-meal scones were placed on the table. The Bible lay open, and ere they began their frugal meal, the old man sat down reverently and solemnly to read a portion of God's Word, and then knelt down to pray."

"Dear mamma," said Caroline, "how nice it is to hear of such good old people, living in such a solitary place, and yet so happy and contented. I wish Alick had stayed at the cottage, it might have done him good. How thankful poor Sandie must have been to meet with such kind Christian people."



"He was very thankful, dear Carry, and so was his friend Donald. When they were about to leave the cottage, Donald pulled out his leather purse: 'Now,' said he, 'gudewife, you must let me clear scores with you before I go.'

" 'Na, na, man, never a sixpence, nor e'en a bawbee will we take from you or your orphan lad,' as Donald pressed it upon them. 'Na, na, man,' they repeated, 'we canna do it. The Lord sent you here, and he just said as plain as needbe to us, "Look ye after them." I would do the same by any benighted travellers, and when it is the Lord's servants, ye ken, who drop in, why I just feel it a privilege, and so does my gudeman there, and we never have been the poorer for anything we did for the Lord, or anything we gave to His people. You see, sir,' she continued, 'though we are poor, and sometimes, when my gudeman is out of work, we may be *very* poor, and we may be sadly thrown back for a time, yet it is only *for a time*, and our Heavenly Father always sends us something; if it be na one thing, it's another. You see my husband is well known in the country-side; he has worked a deal in his day for the families round, and now and again some kind Christian lady stops at the

door, when maybe she is out driving, and they always leave a bit of siller behind—blessings on them.'

" 'Well, well,' said Donald, as he parted with the old man and his wife; 'God's blessing rest upon you. We'll maybe meet again, for I must return this way awhile hence, and I'll just give you a call.'

"Donald and Sandie now set out to pursue their journey, quite refreshed in body, and cheered in spirit, by the kindness they had experienced.

" 'Is every one as kind as they are?' asked Sandie; 'if so, I would not be so feared to ask a bed.'

" 'Na, lad, it is not every one that is like them. There's a deal of hospitality among the Hieland folk, but you'll find a difference as ye get to the Lowlands, though I'm no saying that there are not many good Christian people among them, who would show kindness to the like of us.'

"Donald and his companion found this day's travel far pleasanter than the former one. The melting of the snow made the walking not very agreeable, but overhead it was fine, and the bright sun was making everything around to glitter and

sparkle like so many diamonds ; besides, they were getting more away from the bleak, dreary parts of the country, and more into the open and well-cultivated country, between Dunkeld and Perth, which city they reached at night, thanks to the kindness with which they had been helped on their way, obtaining more than once a good lift in a cart.

“In spite of this, however, poor Sandie was very weary and foot-sore by this time, and Donald determined to stay two nights at Perth that he might get rest, and be better able to pursue his journey, to the end of which they now looked hopefully forward.

“ ‘Eh, sir,’ said Sandie, ‘I’m fearing I’m just a hindrance to you ; I wish you wouldna mind me. I’ll make my way now, sir, tolerably well, and maybe you’ll just let me know where I’ll find you when I get to Edinburgh.’

“ ‘Indeed, man, I am thinking you will not find it altogether so easy as you think to make your way, and I am not sure but what it is worse for you as you get near the towns, for you are more in the way of evil than in the Hielands. Na, na, man, a day is of little consequence to *me*, and we’ll no part company yet ; I feel as if

you had been given in charge to me by the Lord, and it is He himself that has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." So now, lad, make yourself easy, I 'm going to stay here the night. I know of a respectable woman with whom we can get a lodging, and you must just come with me, and we will have a crack together.'

"After finding out the lodging, and getting the kind lady to give them some supper, they sat down by the fire, and Donald proceeded to draw out of his young companion more of his previous history.

"Donald felt that it was desirable, if he was to be of any real use to the boy, that he should know all the particulars about him. He felt sure that he was not deceived in him. He felt quite convinced that Sandie was an honest, truthful boy, and that he would give a satisfactory account of himself, but then he felt that others might not be so confident in the truth of his statements. Accordingly, when they were quietly seated at the fireside, Donald said to him—

" 'Now, Sandie, lad, I want you to tell me all about your poor mother's death, and about your

own self, all that you may remember my boy, for it's right I should know.'

"Poor Sandie burst into tears at the mention of his poor mother.

" 'Well, sir,' he said, 'I'll tell you all about her. You see she was a widow, sir. My father died some years ago, when I was quite a little boy. I only just remember him, but I ken he was very kind to me, and awfu' fond of my mother.'

" 'He used to take me on his knee, and talk to me about my mother, and he used to say, "Sandie, your mother is far from strong, and when you grow up, you must be very kind to her. When I am gone, she will have only you to look to." 'When you are *gone*, father,' I said; 'you are not going away! O father, don't go away.' Then he would speak of some happy land, where he would soon go, and I wondered why he did not take us with him; but when I begged him to take me, and mother too, along with him, he said, "No, Sandie, you cannot go with me, but maybe you'll both come to me some day;" and then he used to make me sing to him, as I did at the school, that pretty hymn, "There is a happy land, far, far away;"

and I thought to myself, Is that where father is going? and I longed to go too.'

" 'Ah, well, laddie, you werena far wrong. That *happy land* is before us all, and by God's grace we may all hope to reach it some day—but go on, my boy, with your story.'

" 'Well, sir, my father died, and my poor mother never held up her head after he was gone. Her health broke down, and she had a hard fight to get on. You must ken, she used to take in needlework, and with that, and what father did (for he was a mason), we got on real well; and mother was always able to pay her rent, and to keep me at school.

" 'After my father's death, I kenned an awfu' change in my poor mother. Her fingers grew so thin and white, and she could not sit long at her needle, but then her cheeks looked even redder and bonnier than before, and her eye looked so bright. I never thought, sir, she was going to die.'

" 'Here the poor boy burst into tears, and it was long before he could resume his story.

" 'One day,' he continued, 'she said to me, "Sandie, I'll no be long here. I am just going to follow your poor father, and when I am gone,

there will be no one here to care for you, and I must just give you some instructions as to what I want you to do." Then she explained to me that she had a cousin in Edinburgh, a writer as they called him, and that she wished me to try and make my way to Edinburgh, for he was the only friend I had in the world. Then she showed me some papers, which told all about her marriage with my father. "Show him these papers, Sandie," she said, "and he'll remember at once all about Jeannie M'Andrew" (that was her maiden name, sir); "my folk were angered at the time, for they thought I might have done better, and they cast me off, but maybe he'll forget and forgive now; and if he will, he can befriend you, and put you in the way of getting an honest living."

"Then she took off her ring, sir, her wedding ring, and she says to me, "Keep it, Sandie, if you can, for my sake; but if you are that distressed that you need it, you must e'en sell it." I've got it here, sir, in my bundle, but I'll no sell it, if I can help it.

"Then," he continued, "my poor mother bid me take her Bible, when she was gone; and "Sandie," she said, "promise me ye'll no part

with *that*. It's the Word of the living God, and I would not have you part with that. Na, na, read it, Sandie—read it night and morning, pray over it, pray that you may hide it in your heart; there are gracious promises there, promises to the fatherless, to the orphan, and to all who read it; remind the Lord of His promise, Sandie. He hath said 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' and depend on it He'll keep His word; but He likes to be reminded. He likes to have His promises pleaded in the name of Jesus. O laddie, if you dinna forsake Him, He will ne'er forsake you."

" 'A few days after this,' Sandie continued, 'when I came in from school, for she still made me keep up my schooling, I found the kind neighbour who looked after her when I was out greeting sair; and she told me my mother was dead. Oh, I thought my heart would break, sir, as I kissed her cold cheek, and thought she would never speak to me again.

" 'Just then, the minister came in, and he was real kind; and when he found that my mother had bid me to go and try to find out her friends in Edinburgh, and that I must set out as soon as my poor mother was buried, as I had no



house now, he spoke so kindly to me, and promised to give me a line (and I have it here, sir, along with the other papers), a line just to tell about me, and to let the folk know that I wasna telling lies, but that I was an honest boy.'

" 'Ah, well, lad, I'm glad you have a line from the minister,' said Donald, 'that will be a real help when you find out your ain folk.'

" 'He gave me five shillings too, sir, which I have got put away with my mother's ring, for he bid me try and not spend it on the road ; he said he would give me all that could be found of my mother's. A few pence, he said, at any rate there must be, perhaps a few shillings, when one or two bits of furniture were sold ; but there was little to sell, sir, and all we could get would not have paid my way, if it had not been for your kindness.'

" 'My kindness, lad !' said Donald ; 'it's little I have done for you ; a mere nothing, nothing at all, dinna say a word about anything I have done. I could not have done less, when my Master gave you in charge of me, and said, "Do it for my sake." Eh, laddie, I would do a deal more than that for Him who laid down His life for me.' "

"O mamma!" said Lucy, "I quite love Donald. I wish I had known him; he must have been such a good man."

Just then Mr Seymour looked in, and exclaimed, "What, not done with your story yet, mamma! I think it is high time that some little folks that I know were in their beds." "O papa," cried Caroline, "do you mean me? Oh no, I am not a bit tired. O papa, we *must* hear the end of this story. Please, mamma, go on."

"Well, dear," said Mrs Seymour, "we will go on, but I think we must not linger any longer on the road, but just cut short the journey by saying that Donald and Sandie proceeded on their journey the second day, and arriving in Edinburgh, were directed to a decent widow woman, who took in a lodger at times; and the next morning they both set out to try and find the cousin his mother had spoken of, Cunningham was his name; but then when he came to inquire, he found there were two or three of the same name. At length, however, they found the right one, and they lost no time in trying to see him.

"At first, when they were shown in to Mr Cunningham in his little business-room, he naturally thought that they were poor people who

had come to ask him to help them. He was a kind man, and was quite preparing to put his hand in his pocket, and give them a little help.

“Donald stopped him by saying, ‘Please, sir, if you’ll just cast your eye over these papers.’

“‘I fear I have not time just now,’ said Mr Cunningham, ‘I am much hurried, but I’ll give you a trifle in the meantime.’

“‘O sir, you mistake,’ replied Donald, ‘we are not seeking help of that kind, it’s about this poor boy, sir, that I have taken the liberty to come to you. This poor lad, sir, is an orphan, and he claims kith-and-kin with you, on the mother’s side; excuse me, sir, but if you will just cast your eye over these papers, maybe you’ll remember all about him.’

“Mr Cunningham desired them to sit down, whilst he read the papers carefully. ‘Remember Jeannie M’Andrew!’ he exclaimed; ‘of course I do. My own cousin, and a bonnie young creature she was, but she made a foolish marriage, far beneath her, and she and her husband went far away, and it’s long since I knew anything about her. And this is her son!’ he exclaimed; ‘and she is dead, is she? Poor thing! And your father, lad?’ ‘He died, sir,

before my mother.' 'And have you no brothers or sisters?' 'None, sir. I had a little sister, but she died long ago.'

"And what do you want to do, my boy? What made you come so far as Edinburgh. It's a long way, my lad. How did you find your way?"

"I couldna have made it out, sir, but for this kind friend. O sir, he's been awfa' kind.' 'Hoot, lad, don't say a word of that,' cried Donald; 'how could I have done less. I only took care of the poor boy on the road, sir, for you see I was coming the same way, and I thought I would just see him safe among those who would care for him. You see his mother bade him come and try to find you out, as you were the only friend the lad had left. I am only here for a short time, sir, myself, and then I must away back to my wife and bairns, but I should like to see Sandie in the way of doing for himself ere I leave, for I am real fond of the boy, and I believe him to be a good boy, sir, and one that loves God and fears Him too.'

"Well, well, my good man,' said Mr Cunningham, 'bring him to me again to-morrow, and I'll see what can be done for him.'"

"O mamma," said Caroline, "I am so glad that Mr Cunningham was kind to him; and did he go again the next day? Oh! I wonder what he did to help him."

"Well, dear, when he went back the next morning, Mr Cunningham told him that at present all he could do was to take him in as an errand boy, but if he found him steady, he would soon find something better for him. 'At all events, if Sandie turns out well,' he said, 'there is no fear but I will provide for him, he shall not want a home.'

"Poor Donald had thus the happiness of seeing Sandie put in the way of gaining an honest livelihood, and when he returned to Inverness shortly after, he did not return as he had come, on foot, but he was enabled, by Mr Cunningham's kindness, to pay his way by coach."

"O mamma, was he not very sorry to part with poor Sandie?"

"He was, my love, very sorry. He took an affectionate farewell of him the night before he went away. 'Eh, Sandie,' said he, 'may the Lord bless ye, and may we meet again, if not here, *in the better land*. O Sandie, see that you come *not short of reaching that blessed land*.'"

"I wonder, mamma," said Lucy, "if they ever met again. Do you think they did?"

"Yes, dear Lucy, they did meet many years after; when Donald was quite an old man, he was once more in Edinburgh, and you may be quite sure that he would not rest until he found Sandie.

"It happened, however, that at the very time that he was passing along the street wondering if he should find Sandie in the same house where he had left him so long before, that a young man passing him, stared very hard in his face, passed and repassed, looking each time at him more earnestly than before; but Donald did not think he had ever seen him, and he thought him rather rude maybe, when the young man seized both his hands, and looking into his face, he exclaimed, 'Donald Macpherson!'

'Ay, lad,' he replied, 'I am Donald Macpherson, but I dinna ken who you are.'

"'Dinna ken me, Donald! What, do you not remember Sandie Wright the orphan boy? O sir, I have not forgotten you—I kenned ye the moment I saw ye. I was sure it was your ain self. Oh, how often have I blessed you, and wished you could know all the Lord's goodness to me; but come,' he continued, 'come to my office';

I am a clerk now, Donald, and I am doing real well, and Mr Cunningham has been a kind friend to me, and you must just come and thank him for me, for I cannot say half that's in my heart to say to him for all his kindness.'

"Donald was made to take up his abode under the same roof with his young friend whilst he was in the town, and when he had seen how God had provided for him, how he had blessed and prospered him, he could not help saying to his friend and employer, Mr Cunningham, 'Well, sir, I am getting an old man now, and I have come to know the truth of that saying, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."' "

"And now, children, away to your beds, for my story is done. If, as I hope, you like it, then try to remember the words, 'Go thou and do likewise.' "

"We will try, dear mamma, to remember them," said Lucy.

"How happy Donald must have been ! "

"He was truly happy, my children, and from his own blessed experience he could say, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' "

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE DISASTER.

THE next morning the whole party again sallied forth, as soon as breakfast was over, and my young readers will be glad to hear that there was no further interruption to their pleasant excursion. They reached the woods without any difficulty, and the little ones thought that they would never tire of rambling through them, and finding out all the little winding walks, as well as picking the beautiful wild roses ; for, as it was now rather late in the season, there were not many flowers, excepting the pretty white and pink roses, of which they gathered a large handful.

“ I wish the roses had no thorns, dear mamma,” said Caroline.

“ So I dare say many have wished before you, my dear child ; but it is not intended that we should enjoy roses without thorns, or pleasures unmixed with sorrow here, dear Carry ; for you know God would make us feel that this world is



not our rest, and I fear we should love it far too well if there were no thorns in our path. Do you remember those beautiful lines of Cowper's? Lucy will, I daresay, if you do not.

'The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown ;  
No traveller ever reached that blest abode,  
That found not thorns and briers on his road.'

It is a blessed thing, however, my dear child, when we can say in the language of another poet—

'The thorn, it was poignant, but *precious* to me,  
'Twas the message of mercy, it led me to Thee.'

"Now," said Mr Seymour, as they arrived at a very beautiful spot of open ground, where the wood had been cut down, and they obtained a lovely view of the surrounding country, with its richly wooded glens, its little winding streams, and the distant spire of the pretty village church, "here is, I think, the very best place for us to sit down and take our refreshment."

"Oh," said Carry, "we have a peep at the sea too, papa. Just look how beautiful the blue sea looks, with the pretty little white sails gliding

along. Oh, this is so lovely ! is it not, dear papa ? ”

“ It is beautiful, my love,” said Mr Seymour ; “ and now come and seat yourselves comfortably, and we will open our basket, and see what good things you have provided.”

“ Now, Master Fripp,” continued he, “ you may go and take your dinner at the same time, and I will ease you of your saddle, that you may enjoy yourself the more.”

Fripp made the most of his time, and seemed highly pleased with the nice fresh grass, but at last, not contented with this, he came snorting up to the little group as they sat at dinner, and thrust his black nose almost into the cold pie.

“ Fie ! fie ! sir,” cried Mr Seymour, “ is that the way for a gentleman to behave ? Take yourself off directly.”

Fripp drew back, but the next minute, when Mr Seymour was looking another way, he popped his head under his arm, and made off with a good piece of bread.

“ O papa, look at Fripp ; did you ever see such an impudent pony ? ” said Caroline ; “ you really must whip him away, papa.”

“ Oh no, pray don’t beat him away, Carry”

said Mrs Seymour, " I dare say he thinks he has a perfect right to share our good things. Here, Fripp, I will give you an apple, and then you must go away."

" I wish we could find something to drink," said Miss Mansfield. " I think I feel more inclined for a good draught of water than I do for the pie."

" I think we shall surely find some water near this," said Mr Seymour; " for I know the mill-stream runs down by the side of the wood. I think we had better move on, and we shall probably soon be able to relieve our thirst; but first of all, I think we should gather up the remains of our feast, and put them into the basket."

" Oh yes," said Lucy, " and then we can leave them at some poor cottage on our way home. may we not, mamma?"

" Indeed I think it will be a good plan, my love," said Mrs Seymour.

" That puts me in mind of something," said Caroline.

" What do you mean, Carry?" asked Mr Seymour.

" *Why, it puts me in mind of the account in*

the Bible of Jesus feeding the multitude, when He said, 'Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.'"

"Very true, my little girl," replied her mamma, "and we will try to follow the example of our Lord, and instead of allowing these remnants to be wasted, we will give them to the first poor creature we meet."

They continued their walk, and Fripp was the first who discovered their approach to the nice running stream; he began pricking up his ears, and quickening his pace, and in a few minutes, as they emerged from the wood, they were gratified by the sight of the cool, clear stream, at which they soon slaked their thirst, and felt much refreshed, and ready for their walk home.

"And now our pleasant day's walk will be soon over," said Caroline; "but I am sure we have enjoyed it very much, and we have had no disaster to-day, papa."

"Not yet, Carry, but we had one yesterday," said he, smiling; "I wonder you have got over it so soon."

"Oh, because to-day has put it out of my head altogether, papa," replied Carry.

It was proposed that, instead of returning the

way they came, they should return by another route, which would greatly increase the pleasure to the young people.

"If we follow the course of the stream," said Mr Seymour, "it will give us a beautiful walk home ; but I give you notice that you will have to cross the stream, but that is nothing very formidable, for I have passed through it often, and it cannot be very full just now."

After descending the hill for some distance, Caroline came running back to tell them that there was a poor, *very* poor-looking cottage just before them, where she was sure they would be glad of the scraps which were in the basket.

"I think you are right," said Mrs Seymour, "it does look like a poor miserable hovel indeed."

As they approached, one or two ragged little children came running out, and the contents of the basket were soon divided amongst the hungry little creatures. Finding the interior of the cottage as wretched as the outward appearance indicated, Mrs Seymour left a trifle with them, and promised to return and see them another day, *and take them a few articles of clothing for the children, if they would promise to send them to*

school. Having arrived at the spot where they were obliged to cross the stream, there was a few minutes' consultation as to the best way of getting the youngsters across.


"I think you had better take them over on the pony," said Mrs Seymour, "and Miss Mansfield and I can easily pick our way over the stones."

Accordingly, Caroline was first carried over, and landed comfortably on the other side. Lucy went over also in safety ; but on the third occasion, Fripp, thinking that he had had quite enough paddling backwards and forwards, played them a sad trick. He had gone over so nicely twice before, that Mr Seymour was off his guard, and he was holding the bridle very loosely in his hand, not suspecting any mischief, when Master Fripp suddenly took it into his head to lie down in the midst of the stream. Mr Seymour instantly caught hold of Harriet and lifted her out of the water ; but not until she was completely drenched, and very much frightened. At first, Mr and Mrs Seymour were rather at a loss what was best to be done ; they thought of going on to the mill, and trying to get Harriet's clothes dried there, but Mrs Seymour thought that it

was better on the whole for her to walk home as fast as she could, and that if she kept in exercise, she would be less likely to catch cold, as it was very probable that they might not find a fire at the mill sufficient to dry her things. They accordingly made the best of their way home. Master Fripp was in sore disgrace, as he well deserved to be.

"What could make him do so, papa?" asked Caroline.

"I cannot tell," replied Mr Seymour, "but it is a trick that some horses have. I remember a very beautiful little creature that I used to ride, which was always anxious to lie down whenever he arrived at a pond or a running stream. I generally used to give him the spur, as soon as he began snorting and pawing, as I well knew what he was meditating, but as surely as I was off my guard, and left the rein dangling on his neck, he gathered his hind legs under him, and prepared to lie down. It is a very bad trick though, and you must be broken off it, sir," continued Mr Seymour, shaking the whip over Fripp's back. Harriet walked on as quickly as she could, and as she was quite warm, Mrs Seymour hoped *that she would not suffer from her accident.* As



soon as they reached home, Mrs Seymour made her put her feet into warm water, and then get into a warm bed, and the next day she appeared very little the worse for her wetting. A slight cold, however, increased the following day, and became rather severe, and Harriet became much more seriously ill than was at first anticipated. The doctor, however, said that there was nothing to cause any anxiety—that he hoped she would be well in a few days,—but that she must keep her bed. She was very urgent in her request that Lucy might be allowed to be a good deal with her, and Lucy was truly happy to have an opportunity of being kind and affectionate to her young friend, and she soon showed what a kind, gentle nurse she could make. Mrs Seymour often called her out of the room, thinking that it was not good for her to be long confined to a sick-room, but she was back again at Harriet's bedside whenever the slightest excuse offered, and she seemed greatly to prefer waiting upon her and reading to her, to everything else.

One day, when Harriet was getting a little better, she put her arms round Lucy's neck, as she stooped over her to adjust her pillow, and *burst into tears*,



"Come, come, Harriet," said Lucy, "this will not do: what is making you unhappy, dear? You will soon be better, the doctor says, and he hopes you will be up in a few days, and you know we are all praying to God for you, and He can make you well again."

"Oh, it is not that," said Harriet.

"What is it, then?" asked Lucy; "perhaps you want your dear mamma back, and I hope she will be here now in a very few days."

"No, it is not that either, dear Lucy; but I feel so much for all your kindness, and dear Mrs Seymour's, that I can never be as grateful as I ought to be."

"For what, my dear Harriet?" asked Lucy. "I am sure there is nothing very wonderful in my liking to wait upon you, and trying to make you comfortable."

"Oh, but you are so good to me," said Harriet; "I owe you so much, for you have led me to see that it is a happy thing to be a child of God; you have taught me to love my precious Saviour, and to think more of what is good than I used to do. O Lucy, I do sometimes long to *know that I am a child of God.*"

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"How happy it makes me to hear you express such a wish," said Lucy, "for you know the wish, the desire must come from God, for of ourselves we can do nothing that is good, nor can we have a good thought."

"Oh but, dear Lucy, my heart is so hard, and I am so proud and selfish, I do not think that I ever can be a child of God, and it is that which makes me unhappy."

"Do not say so," replied Lucy, very earnestly, "you must remember my favourite passage of Scripture which I was mentioning to you, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

"Yes, that is very encouraging," said Harriet, "but then there are few hearts, I am sure, that are as hard as mine seems to be."

"Well, but if you feel it to be so hard," said Lucy, "it must be a sign that God is beginning to soften it."

"Do you think so, Lucy? Oh, you are a kind good creature: how thankful I am that I ever came to stay with you. I remember I used to think you far *too* good and serious for me, and that it was all nonsense being so *very* religious; now I long so to be like you, and even whilst I complain of my hard heart, I feel much happier

than I used to do. I have been so happy, Lucy, since I came here."

"Shall I tell you why you have been happier, Harriet? I think I know a little hymn that will explain it to you."

Lucy then repeated the following beautiful hymn, so descriptive of the peace and joy which the Holy Spirit breathes into the heart, when it is first brought under His own blessed influence:—

"Who can describe the holy joy,  
The calm that reigns within,  
When Jesus speaks the pardoning word,  
And breaks the power of sin?

"Sweet peace, composing all the mind,  
Bids angry passions cease;  
Graces descending from above,  
Like flowing waves increase.

"Dear Saviour! let Thy healing beams  
In softest radiance shine;  
Let humble fear and love abound,  
To prove the work divine.

"Then will my grateful heart each day  
Its Ebenezer raise,  
Till angels teach me, near Thy throne,  
Eternal songs of praise."

"That is a beautiful hymn," said Harriet, "and it so exactly describes what I sometimes feel."

*Just then Lucy was called away, but her heart*

was so full that she could not rest until she had told her mamma what had passed.

Mrs Seymour rejoiced most heartily in these cheering evidences of a work of grace going on in the heart of this young person ; she believed that she was under deep conviction of sin, and that her heart seemed now gradually softening under the influence of God's Holy Spirit ; and she watched every opportunity, especially those which Harriet's present season of illness afforded, for endeavouring to confirm and deepen those serious impressions. She prayed earnestly with her, and for her, and as Harriet now frequently asked Mrs Seymour and Miss Mansfield to read the Bible to her, they had frequent opportunities of endeavouring to draw out her desires more and more after heavenly things. They tried to show her more of her own sinfulness, and her need of a Saviour to wash away all her sins in His own precious blood, and to clothe her in His own spotless robe of righteousness.

" I almost dread getting up again," said Harriet one day to Mrs Seymour.

" *Dread* it, my love !" replied Mrs Seymour ; " I think you should be very thankful to God for *raising* you up again."

"Yes, I hope I am," she replied ; "but I mean that I dread it on some accounts. You see there is no temptation to do anything wrong just now, whilst I am quiet in bed, and you are all so kind to me, and thinking so much about me ; but I am afraid I shall soon feel my selfish heart beginning to plague me again."

"It is well that you feel it to be a plague, Harriet," said Mrs Seymour ; "there is One who can heal your soul,—who can take away the stony heart, and give you an heart of flesh."

"I often wish," said Harriet, "that my mamma had not let me have my own way so much ; it has only made my task more difficult now."

"There is no doubt, my love," replied Mrs Seymour, "that it is a misfortune to be too much indulged ; it is apt to foster the bad passions of the human heart. Your dear mamma has, I dare say, been too indulgent, and you have taken advantage often of her kindness ; but I am sure you will not do so again. When you get well, you must write to your mamma, and tell her how much you grieve over your past conduct, and that when she returns home you hope to be a comfort to her."

"I shall *try*," said Harriet ; "but I am afraid

my good resolutions will be forgotten when I return home, for you see I shall not have you and Miss Mansfield always telling me what is my duty, and helping me to overcome all my wrong feelings,—I shall have no one then to talk to me as you do.”

“You need not fret about that, my love,” said Mrs Seymour. “When you return home, I shall ask your mamma’s permission for you to spend part of every day with us, and then you can tell me all your little troubles just as you do now, and we can talk and pray together very often. I shall hope to see a great deal of you, but I shall be anxious for you to let your mamma see that religion brings forth in you good practical fruits, and that she may be led to acknowledge that the work must be of God, which has led to such a change in your conduct.”

Harriet continued to improve daily in health, and she was soon able to be down-stairs again, and to enjoy a little walk in the garden. She wrote to her mamma as soon as she was able, and expressed her regret for having been so wilful and disobedient, and she assured her that when she returned home, she would try to be a comfort to her in every way. She told her how Mrs

Seymour had led her to see her great faults, and how Lucy's sweet example had been blessed to her, and that she hoped, by God's grace, she might some day be more like her, though she did not think that she should ever be so kind and gentle to everybody as Lucy was.

From this time there was a marked change in Harriet's whole deportment. The servants used frequently to observe it, and say, "I wonder what has come to Miss Attwood, she is not like the same young lady she was. She is so much more civil and good-tempered and obliging; I am sure Mrs Seymour must have taken a great deal of pains with her." It was for a long time a very arduous task to her to overcome the selfish feeling, and the impatience under control, which had become her besetting sins; but she was led to watch and pray against every remains of these unhallowed tempers and dispositions, and she was often seen to weep bitterly, after she was conscious of having been betrayed into sin. Mrs Seymour saw with gratitude and thankfulness to God the answer to all her prayers and endeavours in Harriet's behalf, and she rejoiced that she had been led, at a considerable sacrifice of her own comfort, to undertake the charge, in

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the hope of being useful to her. Mrs Attwood returned home after an absence of some months, prepared to find Harriet very much improved, but she was astonished to observe the complete change in her whole behaviour and deportment. The evening that Mrs Attwood returned, Harriet had prepared everything at home to look pleasant and comfortable, and by the time that she arrived, she had tea waiting for her, a nice nosegay in each room tastefully arranged, and she herself welcomed her with such a cheerful happy face, that her mamma was quite delighted to see such a change in her aspect. At first, Harriet found it a great change from the happy home she had lately enjoyed, and she dreaded very much the effect of being left more to herself, but she spent a good part of every day at Eden Grove, and Lucy and she were much together, and carried on their studies at the same time, as it was a great advantage to Harriet, of which Mrs Attwood was very glad to avail herself. Harriet did not disappoint her kind friends : she really endeavoured to act up to all Mrs Seymour's kind injunctions ; she anticipated her mamma's wishes, and was very obedient, and kind, and attentive to her will, and showed her



desire to submit to her will, however much it crossed her inclinations. All who saw her wondered what had wrought such a change in Harriet Attwood. My young readers could have told them what it was, viz., the grace of God, which had given her a new heart, and made her feel the constraining influence of the love of Christ. Poor Harriet, however, had a sore conflict within, and she often wished that her mamma had not indulged her so much, and given way to her proud and selfish temper, for it entailed a very arduous task upon her now, when she really desired to live to the glory of God. She had many a battle to fight, but as she did not fight trusting in her own strength, but in Him who has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee," she did eventually triumph, and come off more than conqueror in the good fight of faith, and she had reason to bless God that ever she had been led to the happy family of the Seymours, where religion was presented to her sight in such an attractive form, that it drew out her desires after holiness, and first led her to seek Jesus.

## CONCLUSION.

AND now, my dear young friends, I think I must say good-bye to you all for the present. If this little story is made the instrument, in the hands of a gracious God, of leading some youthful hearts to Himself, and awakening them to a sense of their responsibility, as rational creatures and as redeemed souls, to live no longer unto themselves, but unto Him who suffered and died for them, and if it leads them from their own experience heartily to re-echo the words of their Lord and Saviour, "It is more blessed to give than to receive,"—it will lead me to bless God on their account, and call forth my gratitude and praise to Him, for permitting me to speak a word in season unto one of His "little ones." Mark then, in this story, first, the happiness of the little family who were brought up in the exercise of Christian love and

self-denial, how they were happy themselves and made others happy. Then mark the blessing resulting to others from such an example set before them. See a proud, haughty, selfish, overbearing temper like Harriet Attwood's brought low, subdued, and in its *dominion* completely overcome, and see her a humble suppliant at the foot of the cross, loving Jesus, and desiring to live *to* Him and *for* Him. Then think of the blessing that she, as a renewed soul, and an active Christian, might be the means of imparting to others; and you will see how important it is, and what momentous concerns are involved in the effort to subdue *self*. Be thankful if you are blessed with Christian parents, who will help you to overcome in the strength of the Lord; the struggle will often be severe, it will be like the cutting off of a right hand or the plucking out of a right eye, but oh! fight the battle with *self*, whilst you are young. Look at the little twig, the young sapling, how easily it is bent, and trained any way that the gardener wishes; but wait a few years, and the stubborn, tough and wayward branches will defy all his efforts to *twist and train* them as he desires. Every effort

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now will save many efforts afterwards ; every victory gained now will make the next easier ; and the early habit of self-denial will, through the grace of God, discipline the mind, and prepare it to do or to suffer the will of our heavenly Father, in a meek chastened obedience to that will, even though we are called to much suffering and trial. The habit of ever "looking unto Jesus," and endeavouring to imitate His self-denying love, will be the best preparative for a life of holiness and usefulness and happiness here, and we may look forward to a blessed world where no selfish feeling can ever more rise up in the soul,—where there shall be no more exercise of self-denial, because our will shall be swallowed up in God's will.

Love, the "exotic of celestial birth, which never blooms but in celestial air," will there expand more and more in the presence of Him who is love itself. The atmosphere of heaven is love—the converse of heaven is carried on in love—the exercises of heaven spring from the fount of love—the theme of Heaven's everlasting song is "unto Him that *loved* us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood."

- "True Charity, a plant divinely nursed,  
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,  
Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene,  
Storms but enliven its unfading green;  
Exuberent in the shadow it supplies,  
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies."

COWPER.

THE END.

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